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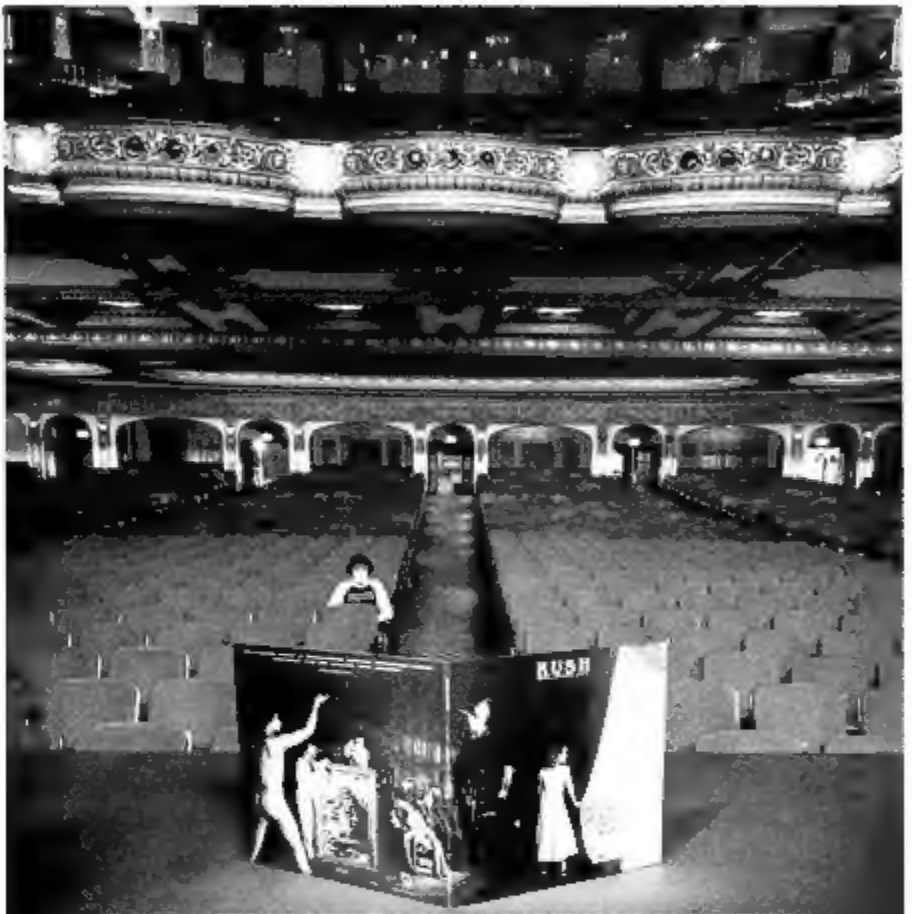

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VOL. V, NO. 10

HEAVY METAL

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EDITORIAL

Photograph by Dean Chamberlain

The dawning of a new age. Sounds corny, doesn't it? Or is it "the eve of destruction," as the song goes? Just as corny, I think. But I remember when I was eight or nine getting a magazine called *Future Schlock*. An issue arrived one month with a cover story about the future. The future, then, was 1980. The issue predicted clothes being washed while we wore them; everyone was plugged in to teaching machines while asleep. Cars floated on air cushions, and we all rode to work in monorails. Huge weather stations controlled storms, and travel to Mars was a daily event. The future was to be a rosy, Disney-colored fun fest fraught with no greater problems than what the day's synthetic home computer maid would be.

Then, not too many years later, as the Aquarian Age was in full swing, the doomsayers held sway with predictions à la *1984* and *Brave New World*. Either pollution or overpopulation would kill us if we didn't blow up the planet first—that is, if we didn't change our rampant technological ways and our dependence on scientific solutions rather than humanistic ones.

The debate still rages, and the dichotomy of these two future scenarios within my consciousness still plagues me.

On the one hand, I marvel at the pleasures and possibilities of our technology; the cluster of conceptual realizations it offers in terms of human growth, both physical and cultural, impresses me. We have paper clothes, chemicals that alter moods and memory, full-body scanners, and surgical techniques in new orbits. Bullet trains carry passengers at speeds of 300 miles an hour, while jets travel between New York and London so fast that because of the reversal of time zones, a person can arrive before the hour when he left. The acceleration of technological development has far surpassed what was expected fifty years ago or even in the twenty years since I read that grade-school magazine.

And accordingly, the world problems seem far more severe. Radiation wars are possible with the neutron bomb, while the advent of regular satellite launches could lead to war in space, any time. From the ravages of the extreme right wing to the terrorists of the extreme left, peace seems buried forever. The gulf between poor and rich nations is wider than ever before, while the commonly held notions of good and evil are more obscure. Consensus reality seems to be slipping away, as we march at some conceptual threat, however fragile, to unite us. Even if it's something as rigid as the Moral Majority or the Marines, we seek solace in it.

Somewhere between the doom and the techno-nirvana lies the actuality. The problem is in the perception of that actuality. How we view the future affects its outcome. And since the future is just that—"the future"—it is an mutability as yet unformed. Yet because so many people stand transfixed by static visions of what must be, they become nonconditioned. They neither see the future as a process they play a part in nor do they understand that it is not the extremes but the tensions (and other, the chaos) in between. Because the objective of a future seems so distant and hazy in the clear light of day-to-day present, people see it as disconnected from their own reality. It's no wonder the future seems full of extremes. Most people tend not to live past in order to plot their future.

Any view of the future, any acceptance of it, makes way for a happy future. To have a future is in itself a happy prospect. Barring the possibility of dire dystopia, the act of living the future is sufficient. Survival is what matters; understanding how to survive is what counts. Unless the collapse of the species is imminent, we seem fated for doomed, depending on your own individual gloominess or success. That is inherent in our definition of ourselves as a living species, however young a species we may be.

—HR

CHAIN MAIL

Segrellas Fever

Good Sir:

I comment on your issue dated October 1981, featuring "The Mercenary," by Segrelles. Good show! That lus got to be some of the finest imaginative illustration work I've seen in some time. Detail coupled with subtlety and assurance of knowledge in anatomy, along with a mastery of painting skills, lay the foundation for a winning artist. I am already in anticipation of the forthcoming new chapter. Please continue.

Edwin Auburnrauz
Lake Station, Ind.

Dear Sir,

I just wanted to say that I have never seen a better issue of *Heavy Metal* than the November 1981 issue. The artwork of Segrelles is comparable to Frank Frazetta's. I hope he remains with you in all future issues.

Carl Armstrong
Patton, Calif.

Misc. Repartee

Dear Sir,

The recent conclusion of Howard Chaykin's "Cody Starbuck" serial left me knocked out and begging for more. Lots more. I'm anxiously awaiting the next adventure. Perhaps Cody's heroics will be rewarded properly next trip, since the ending of this round left Cody and myself unsatisfied. Mr. Starbuck loves the girl and gets stuck with Porfirio (not that he's that bad a friend . . .). At least one consolation is the extremely dramatic way the story ended. Colorful, exciting, and thought provoking. Sounds like a good movie.

Keep "Shakespeare for Americans" going. It's very funny. One question, though—how about giving Upstart Theater more pages to work with on those longer Shakespeare pieces?

Gary Young
Columbus, Ohio

Let's be honest. All you really need is one page: a sword fight here, a love scene there, and a few jousting matches thrown in between.

The Eds.

Heavy Metal is always looking for comments on each issue. If you have any views you'd like to share, write Chain Mail, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. Sorry, letters cannot be returned.

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[illegible] beneath the glitter of the showbiz world of deals that are signed, sealed and delivered by unprincipled crimes, money the only law is the Mafia stands...

[illegible] I tell you, Bob, I break up here for that you when he promotes Eddie right up. It's going to hurt some guys--we'll get that Smirnoff back to you less the carpets.

[illegible] Sam, would I tell you? She's sprawling around with him behind your back.

Othello: I can't believe it.

[illegible]...where even the smartest are caught in webs of deception...

Caesar: Marco Vino! Are you standing?

Othello: He's got no medallion. You see I give to Desdemona.

[illegible]...where the out of sympathy, [illegible] in the shadows of those who thank dependent [illegible]...

Desdemona: Willow, sing for sadness. Tomorrow I'll see you with.

[illegible]...where death is quick and violent, with for the [illegible]

[illegible]...and the stylish.

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]...

[illegible]...[illegible].

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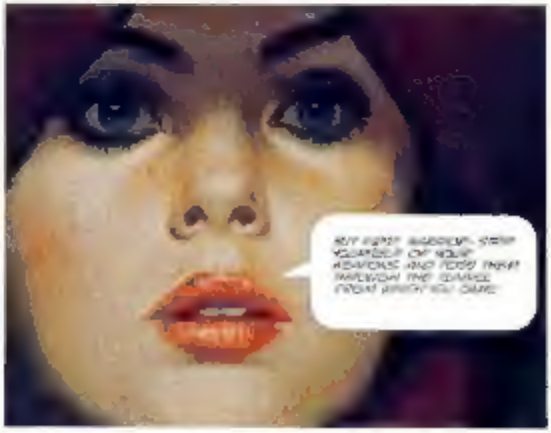

THE EXOTIC IS AN ONLY WEAPON
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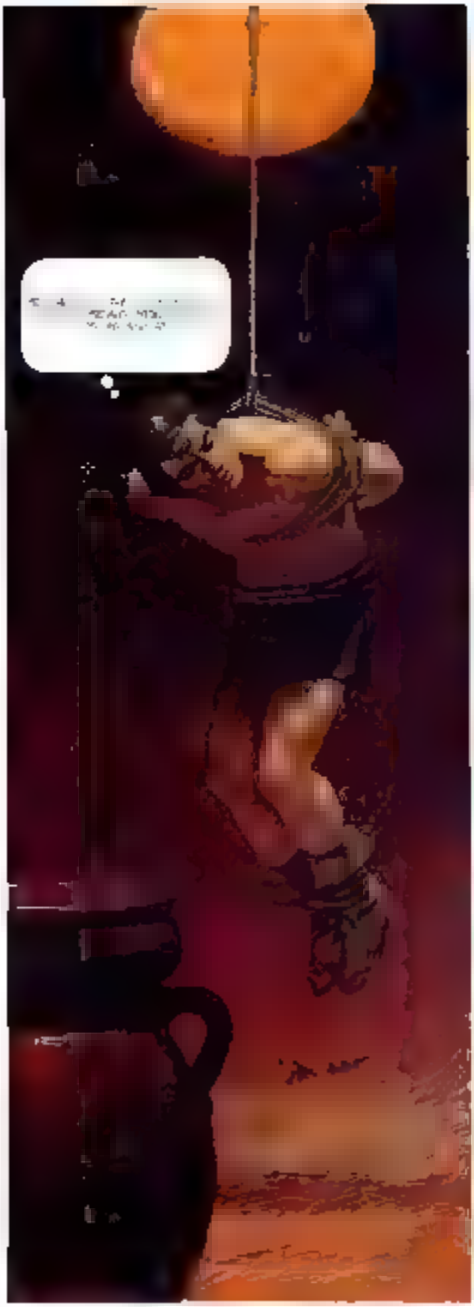
THE BELT WARRIOR STANDS IT KNOWS NOT FEAR. IT KNOWS NOT REVULSION. IT KNOWS ONLY ACCEPTANCE. INEVITABLE
BY BELT!! YOU BRING STILL LIVE IT TO FIGHT MY BARE KNUCKLE
AMAZONIAN WARRIOR WOMAN IS WHY I SHALL NOT PROVIDE YOU THE OPPONENT YOU DESIRE TO DO SO. A MORE BELT WILL BE GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU
AND NOW YOU WILL BE TAUGHT TO KNOW SELF ABNEGATION. WHAT FOR? BECAUSE AS MUCH YOU WILL DIE AS A MOST FRIGHTFUL SLAVE!!



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#36 APRIL 1980

#37 MAY 1980

#38 JUNE 1980

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#41 SEPTEMBER 1980

#42 OCTOBER 1980

#44/NOVEMBER 1980: Man and Shadow save planet Pet rock / cover by Moebius Satyricon re definitely not the sequel / Mole and Q in you scene heads Chessboard Blood-a Xa-ra Springer profile of [illegible]

#45/DECEMBER 1980: Partnering Gorbeau Archaeology Berserker Cruisers Vaporwave and Rutland and Pollard Version Ready Rapid Pure The Cinematic Fog Race Dead [illegible]

#46/JANUARY 1981: Jeremiah returns with Brennan Dan Wood merges his pet dress with Bang Man Pure Pete Gotta Gabbard and Rebels Mutated and Pure Cobra Moebius tells a Tale Is a Pet Charming or Afternoon Dan [illegible]

#47/FEBRUARY 1981: Moebius & Kelbaugh dominate Cartoon Detective when The Heavy Gear on Arzakite Moebius character gets himself and quite trouble Bobcat space smiley on Biggs from jail jungle Lizard Wars [illegible] Interview with The Hernandez [illegible]

#48/MARCH 1981: Ian Abrams John Fenbay's epic Mexican sagas Virgin Beauty Page and The Ian [illegible] Interview by the Academy Technical and Dynamic with [illegible] Richard Edson's new smiley music of Moebius in Americas [illegible]

#49/APRIL 1981: Jim and the Alpha Dolphin's Bachelor Girl-Book Odd bye Bachelor Heavy Metal's Stories Jim Lawson and an Interview with John Pierre Dionnet as does cop of in one shot on 19th [illegible]

#50/MAY 1981: The premiere of Cheyenne Cadet Star Wars and Beast The Wonderful Free Pet Business The 50-70 page and a Wagon of Bandages back in Hernandez [illegible]

#51/JUNE 1981: The last interview of the Richard Corben Hernandez Pure Jim Starlin's adaptation of Outland and Jean and Hernandez Changes comics as Pure Tales Chuck-a Crepax and Jean Pierre [illegible]

#52/JULY 1981: Science Fiction Special — H. The Giger's Competition — An Electronic adaptation of Outland cartoon by Jean Giono's fantastic prose per wrapped at [illegible]

#53/AUGUST 1981: Starred on the Immortal Majesty, the third part of the Corben Hernandez Brothers begins on Bell Station on the Planet of the Heavy Metal Pete [illegible]

#54/SEPTEMBER 1981: Richard Corben's Den-H Jon Zenith — Page Just Completes a Wednesday Insanity Man and Pet Issue Interview with the Creators of Her [illegible]

#55/OCTOBER 1981: Shapeshifters in Amerika: The Real Wonders of Sagittarius Mercenary — a comic section designed as 3th-pop Dreamer pure and Jones Epic Bible and Shapeshifters [illegible]

#56/NOVEMBER 1981: Jeremiah's Egg of the World Jim Jones Sagittarius and Egg — Inside the pit of Sagittarius Dream Interviewer [illegible]

#57/DECEMBER 1981: Science encounters with Debbie Harry Jeffrey Jones Beginning and Corben Pure Heavy Metal Pete [illegible] Tales [illegible]

#58/JANUARY 1982: Our Happy Future issue includes Arms cowboy hats Hip and Gears and The Autogenous Man by Dave Thorson and Before All surrounded by Corben and Sharman Sagittarius Starwars and [illegible]

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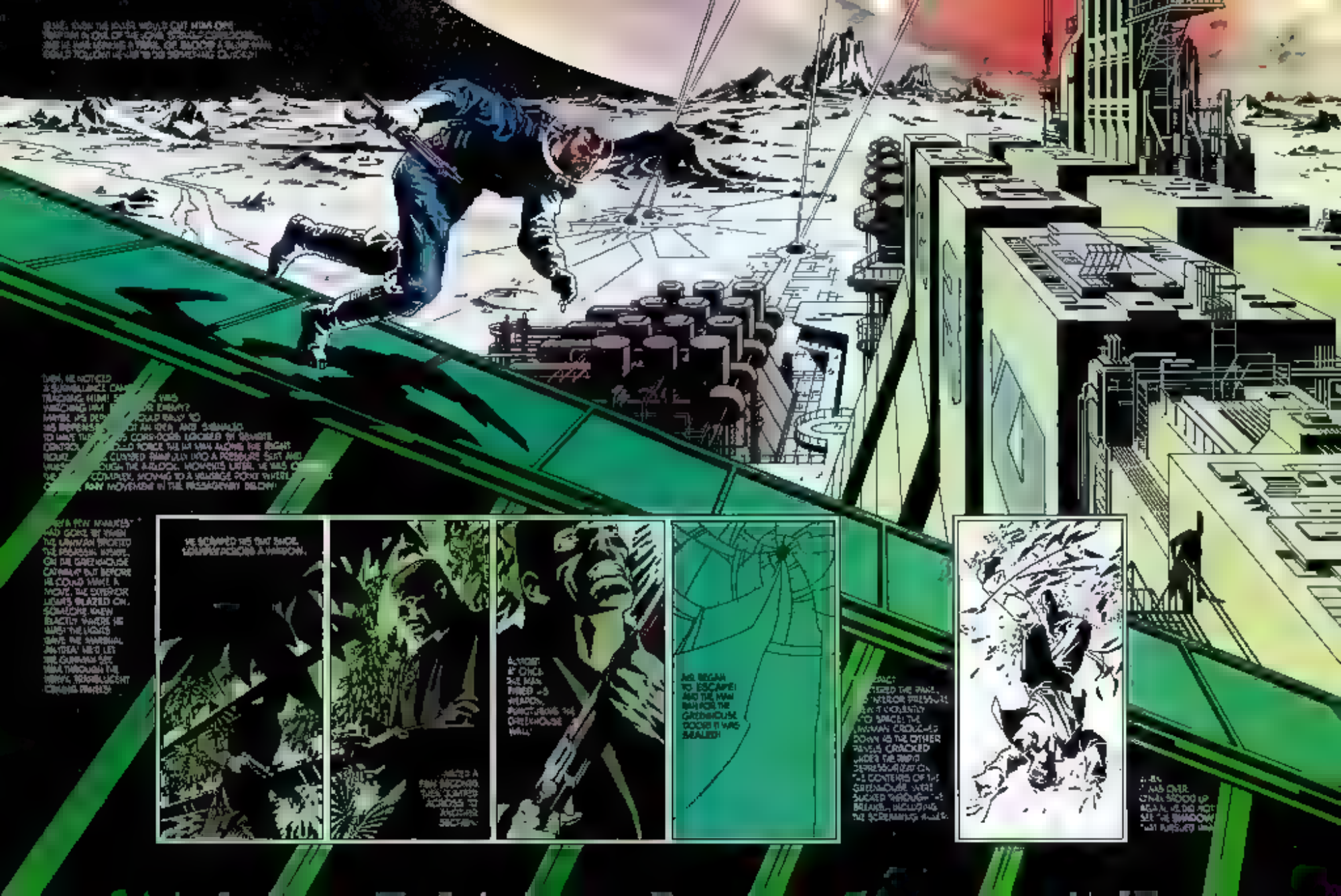
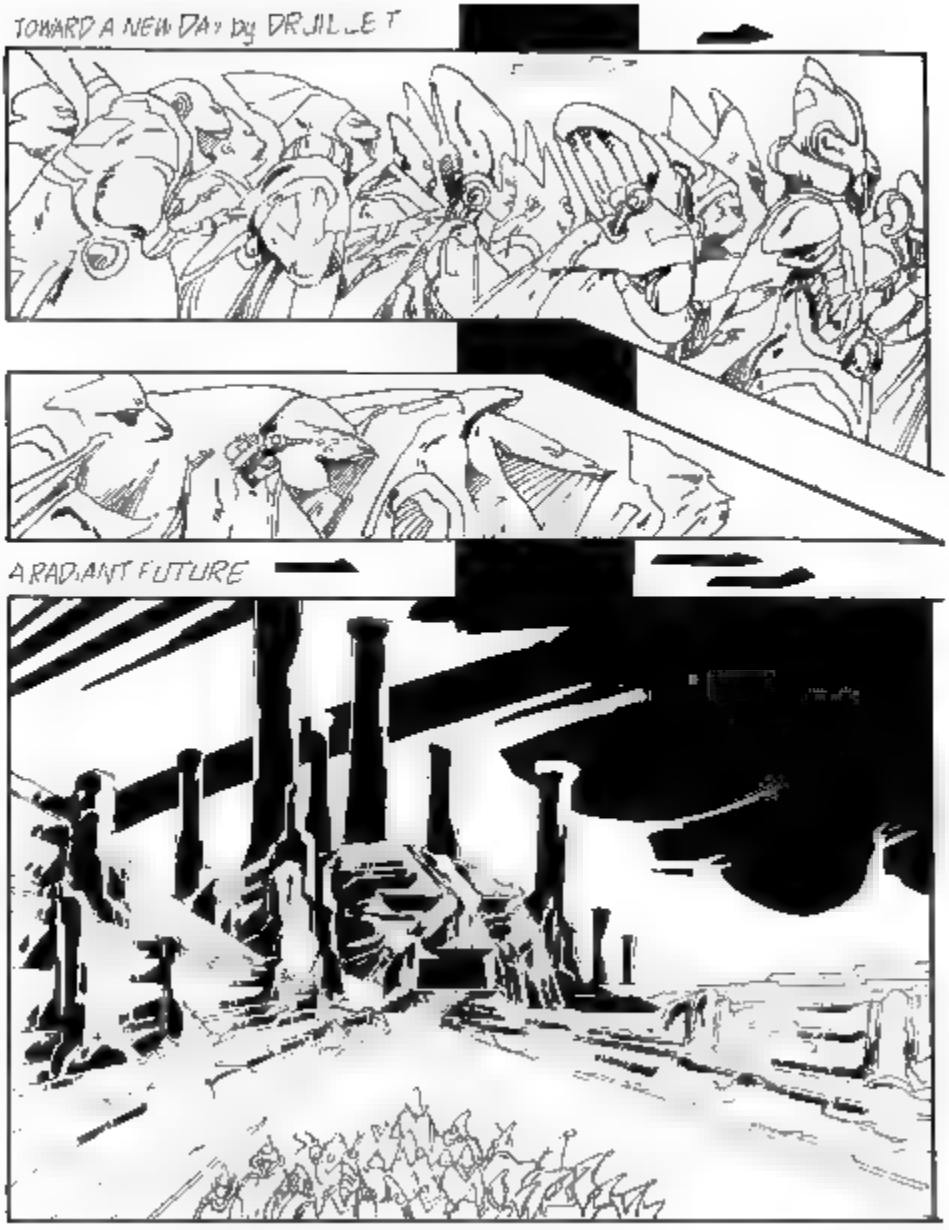
THE BLAST OF HORNS BOUNCED WILDLY THROUGH THE CORRIDORS OF ISI ANNOUNCING THE ARRIVAL OF THE SHUTTLE AS IT DROPPED OUT OF SPACE LIKE A GIANT METALLIC BEETLE. THE ZOANIAN GROUND CREW SWARMED IN AND AT IT TROUGH DOWN ON THE UNKNOWN VISITORS.
CYNEL DIDN'T ATTEND THE EVENT. HE WAS FRANTICALLY RACING TO DISCOVER WHAT WRONG FROM THE SCANNERS. WHOMEVER HE WORKED – TO SAVE HIS LIFE!
SYSTEM: ALL T. STRONGARM REQUEST LINEPRESS OF PERSONNEL ON SHUTTLE TRANSMITTER MAINTENANCE WHO WERE TATTOOED WITHIN THREE DAYS OF DEPARTURE. CRASH-RECORDS WITH 20TH MARCH CARRIER RECORD.
NEGATIVE DATA AVAILABLE.
WHY NEGATIVE ANSWERING?
NO TRANSMIT TRANSMITTED FROM SPACE STATION.
TRANSMIT DATA FROM SPACE STATION.
NEGATIVE. BLOCK AND WIPE TRANSMISSIONS TERMINATED.
REASON FOR TERMINATION?
NEGATIVE DATA.
CYNEL POWERED HIS FIST IN FURY ON THE CONSOLE WALL. A SECOND LATER HE TURNED TO THE BATTERY OF SURVEILLANCE SCREENS AND TRIED TO CALM DOWN, TO MAKE HIS MIND DO WHAT HE WANTED. THE ASSASSIN'S LIVE OR PASSENGERS DEPART TWO OF THEM WERE THERE TO KILL HIM.
HIS ONLY HOPE WAS TO SPOT THE ASSASSIN FIRST! THE SAMURAI'S HEART POUNDED FURIOUSLY WHEN HE REALIZED HE COMMENT HAD BEEN! ALL THOSE WHO LEFT THE SHIP LOOKED AS IF THEY BELONGED ON IOY SHIPYARD WAS RIGHT... CYNEL KNEW HE WAS A DEAD MAN THEN. THE LAST TWO PASSENGERS CAME INTO VIEW SLOWLY THEN FELL AND SKIPPED!
MAN THE CHASER WERE SOME, NOT PULLED WARNING FROM THEIR DUTIES, AND ASSEMBLED TO RUN, NOT DON'T PLAN A SECRET ASSASSINATION. THEY WOULD KILL CYNEL OPENLY... AND NO ONE WOULD DARE THAT! CYNEL MARCHED AS THEY LEADER AND A COMMANDER AND WAS SUDDENLY AWARE THAT SOMEONE HE WAS TRUSTING DARING HIM TO FOLLOW... KNOWING HE WOULD...

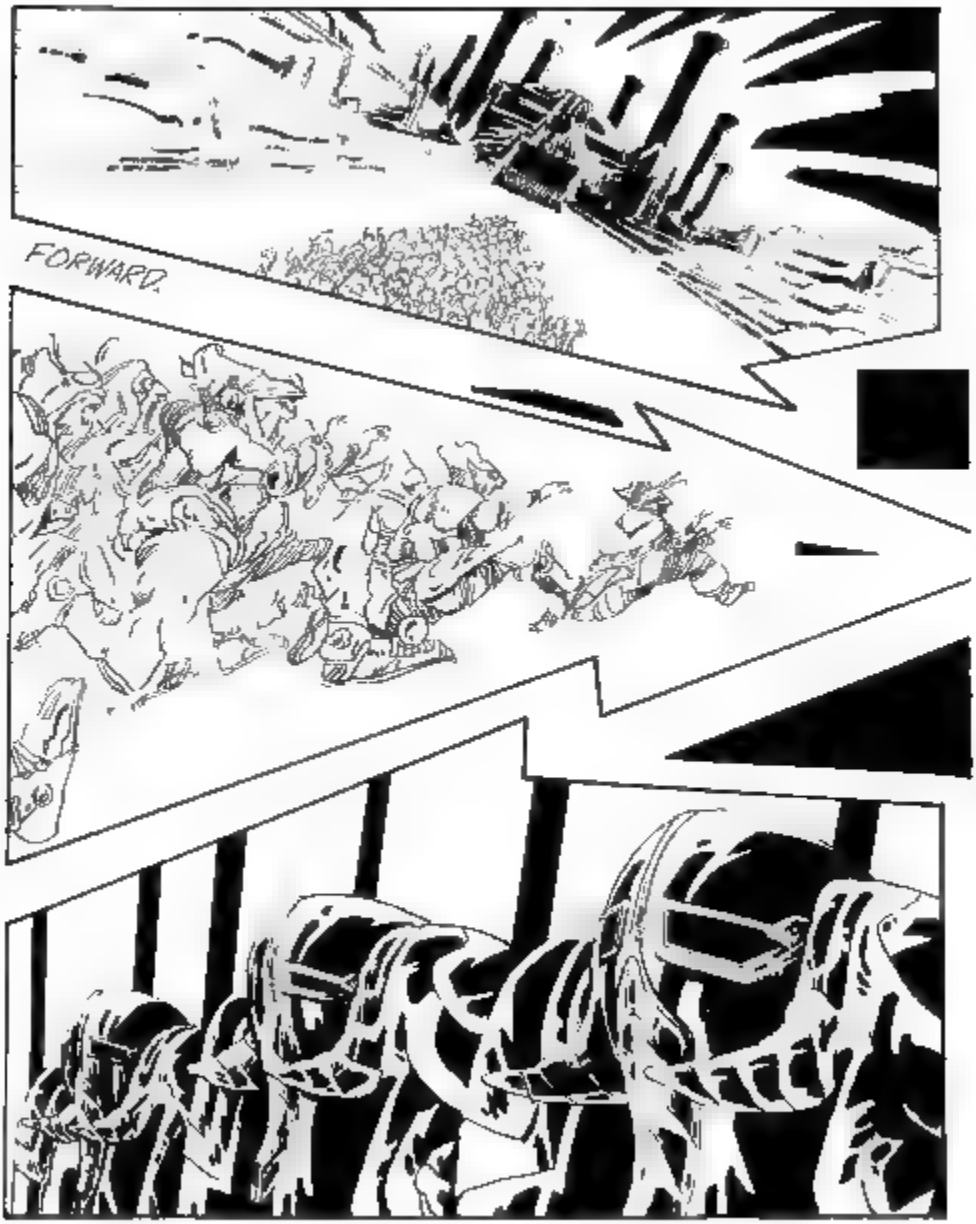
THE CON-AM COMPLEX LOOKED DESERTED, AS IF SOME POWER HAD RE-WRITTEN EVERYTHING BETWEEN CHILL AND THE KILLERS. THE WORD WAS OUT.
SHEPPARD WAS THE POWER AND HE WANTED NO WITNESSES TO SEE WHAT HAPPENED! BUT THE ASSASSIN HAD HIS OWN PLAN TO INTERCEPT THE PAIR OF ASSASSINS WHERE HE MIGHT HAVE AN EDGE. HE COUNTED HEAVILY ON HIS KNOWLEDGE OF THE MAKING COLONY'S LAYOUT AND DECIDED ON THE CAFETERIA. IT WAS AN OBSTACLE COURSE TO ANYONE NOT FAMILIAR WITH IT. CHILL SHUT OFF THE CORRIDOR LIGHTS AND ENTERED THE ROOM.
HE STOPPED, LISTENING FOR THE SMALLEST SOUND, BUT HEARD NOTHING, EXCEPT THE ROAR OF HIS OWN HEART BEATING. HIS MOUTH WAS BONE DRY AS HE PACKED UP AN ASSAULT AND MOVED IN ACROSS THE ROOM. STILL NOTHING!
SUDDENLY AN EXPLOSION OF SEMI-AUTOMATIC FIREARMS SHATTERED THE SILENCE. THEY CAME FROM THE YOUNG GIRL. MAYBE THE UNKNOWN, AND TORRE AND SADULOBE! AHEAD OF HIM, ANOTHER BLAST ROCKED THE ROOM, CREATING A DEADLY CROSSFIRE! BUT CHILL MOVED SWIFTLY, ROLLING AND TWISTING ACROSS THE FLOOR AS HE ABORTED THE ASSASSIN AND PULLED THE TRIGGER OF HIS SHOT GUN! THE DARK FIGURE CRUMPLED IN THE DOORWAY. FOOTSTEPS SOUNDED FROM ABOVE!
con-am

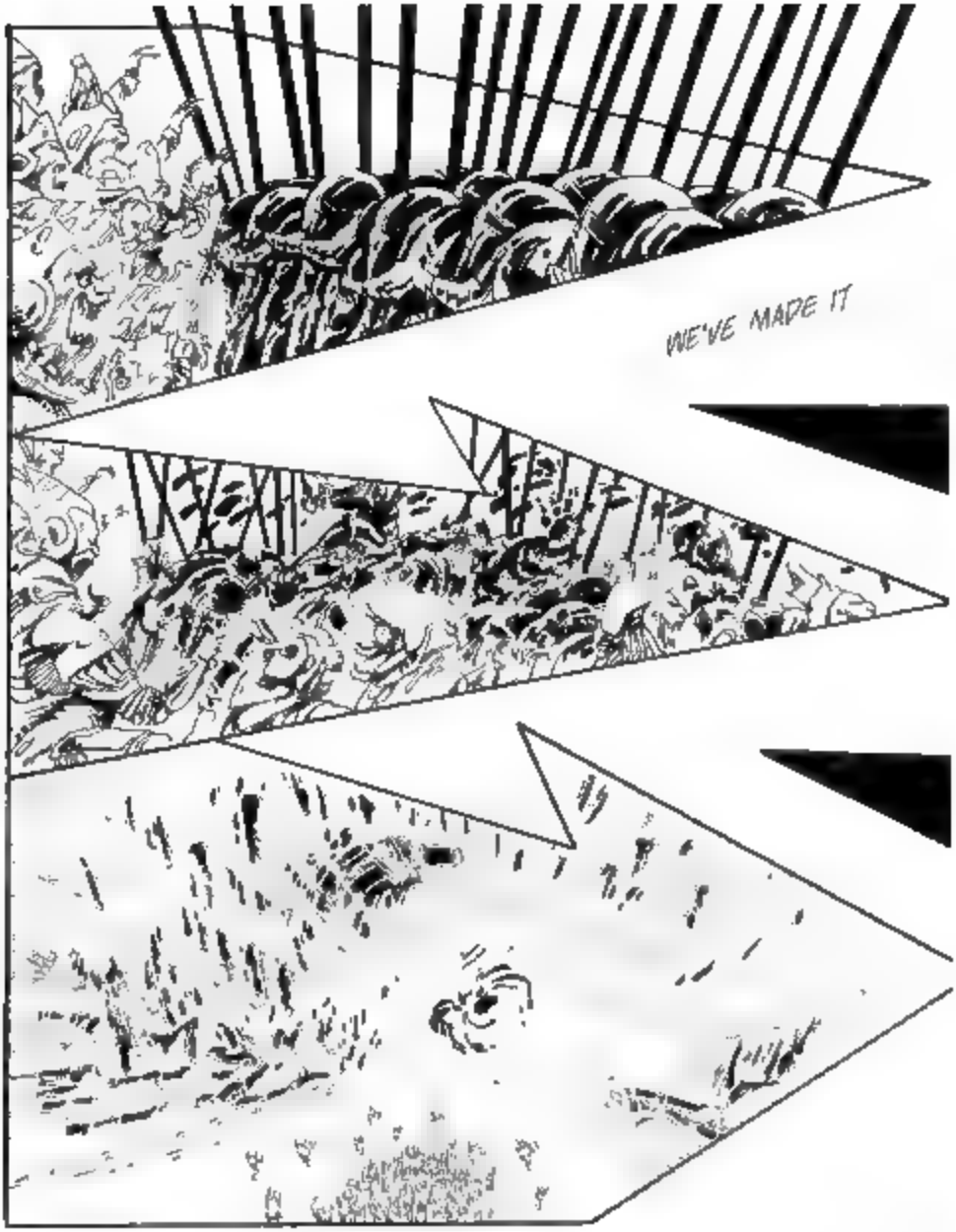

HE SCANNED THE TUNNEL, SQUINTING ACROSS A HARPOON.
A MOMENT OF CHOICE: THE MAN RAISED A HARPOON... SOMETHING IN THE GREENHOUSE WALL!
AND BEGAN TO ESCAPE! AND THE MAN RAN FOR THE GREENHOUSE DOOR! IT WAS SEALED!

SUNDAY, 3:30 PM
DR. LAZARUS TENDED TO CHARLES AQUINO AS SHE TOLD HIM HOW SHE HAD WATCHED HIS PROGRESS ON THE SECURITY OFFICE VIDEO SCREENS SHE HAD STALKED OF THE ACCESS CORRIDORS AND TURNED ON HIS EXTERIOR LIGHTS CHARLES, YOU DO GOOD FOR A HUMAN TO. HER AS SHE SAID GOOD-BYE. HE HAD ONE FINAL TASK TO UNDERTAKE
THE COMMAND LOUNGE FELL SILENT WHEN HE ENTERED. WITHOUT STOPPING, HE STRODE DIRECTLY TO SHEPHERD'S TABLE AND ARMED HIS WEAPON. POINT BLANK, AT THE GENERAL MANAGER. THE ARROGANCE HAD TURNED TO SHEER FEAR! FURY BLAZED IN CHARLES EYES, HIS NOSTRILS FLARED. A HARD ANGRY LOVE. HIS TEMPLES PULSED WITH HATRED BUT HE COULD NOT PULL THE TRIGGER. HE DROPPED THE GUN AND SHOOK. PHYSICALLY! THEN, HE STRUCK OUT. EXPLOSIVELY. SHARPENING HIS FIST IN THE FAT MAN'S FACE.
SHEPHERD WENT BERSERK AND CRAZED, WAS ON HIM, BATTERING HIM INTO BLOODY UNCONSCIOUSNESS. HIS FIVE NOSE AND FELL AGAIN AND AGAIN, WITH THE MOST RELENTLESS FORCE OF A SPACEHAMMER. HE STOPPED WHEN HE COULD NOT SEE HIS ASSAILANT NO ONE MOVED WHEN HE LURCHED LEFT THE ROOM.
CHARLES TRANSMITTED A MESSAGE TO THE SURFACE STATION. HE'D BE ON TIME FOR THE TRIP BACK TO EARTH WITH HIS
WIFE AND SON. IF HE COULD MAKE THE RETURN SHUTTLE. HE CLOSED THE SECURITY OFFICE DOOR FOR THE LAST TIME.
SEVERAL WEEKS LATER, AN INDICTMENT WAS ISSUED ALONG WITH ARREST WARRANTS FOR A LONG LIST OF PEOPLE
THE MACHINE HAD BROKEN DOWN

AT THE MIDDLE OF
CYMBIOLA


TOWARD A NEW DAY by DRUILLET
A RADIANT FUTURE


FORWARD.


WE'VE MADE IT

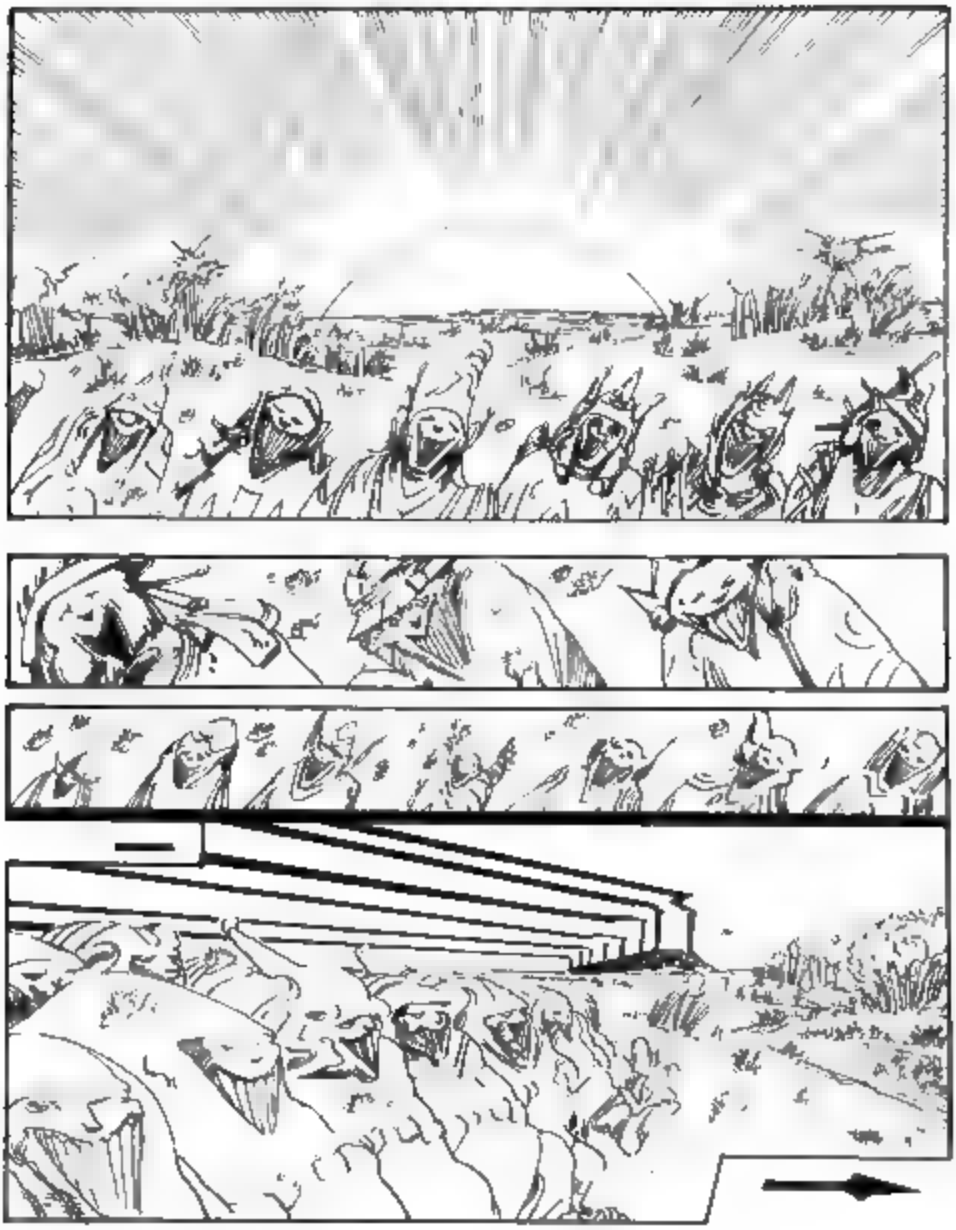
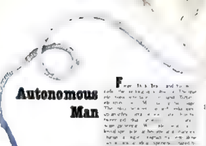


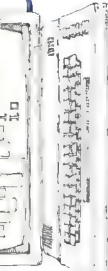
illustration by Gregory Marchesa

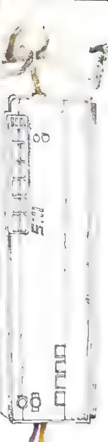
HAPPY FUTURE

A GLIMPSE OF THINGS TO COME

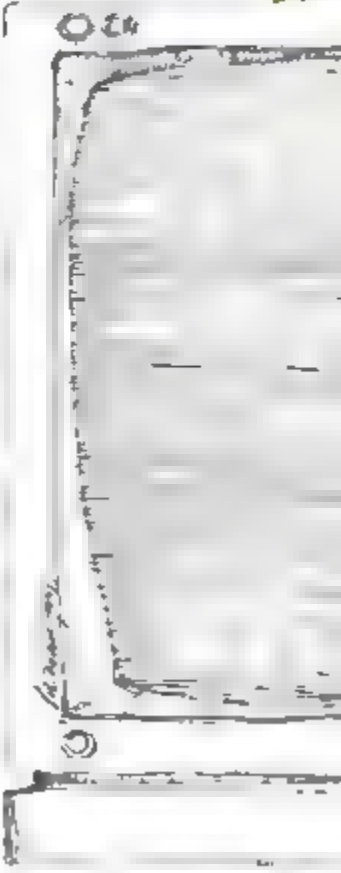


Autonomous Man





Confessions of a Video Addict



A
further extends the delusion that you are

RPM

Though choices in stereo videodisc players and TVs are limited, you can hook
player, a stereo model is slated for
audio and video input jacks and terminals
Magn
Pioneer
Pioneer
mixes. The Sony sets incorporate a cable-
ready frequency-synthesized tuner and a choice of two dual speaker systems. These
alone. The unit not only accepts stereo
advent of stereo TV broadcasts.

For filthy rich video addicts who can't
screen TV the next-best placebo is
combine the ever expanding (6' x 10'
(two-piece Kloss (not to be confused with
Advent) projection system or a quartz
synthesized expanded MGA V5520 stereo
and flawless, you and your friends instantly
qualify as "interactive videophile" programmers
and can trade off as videodeo. Djs.

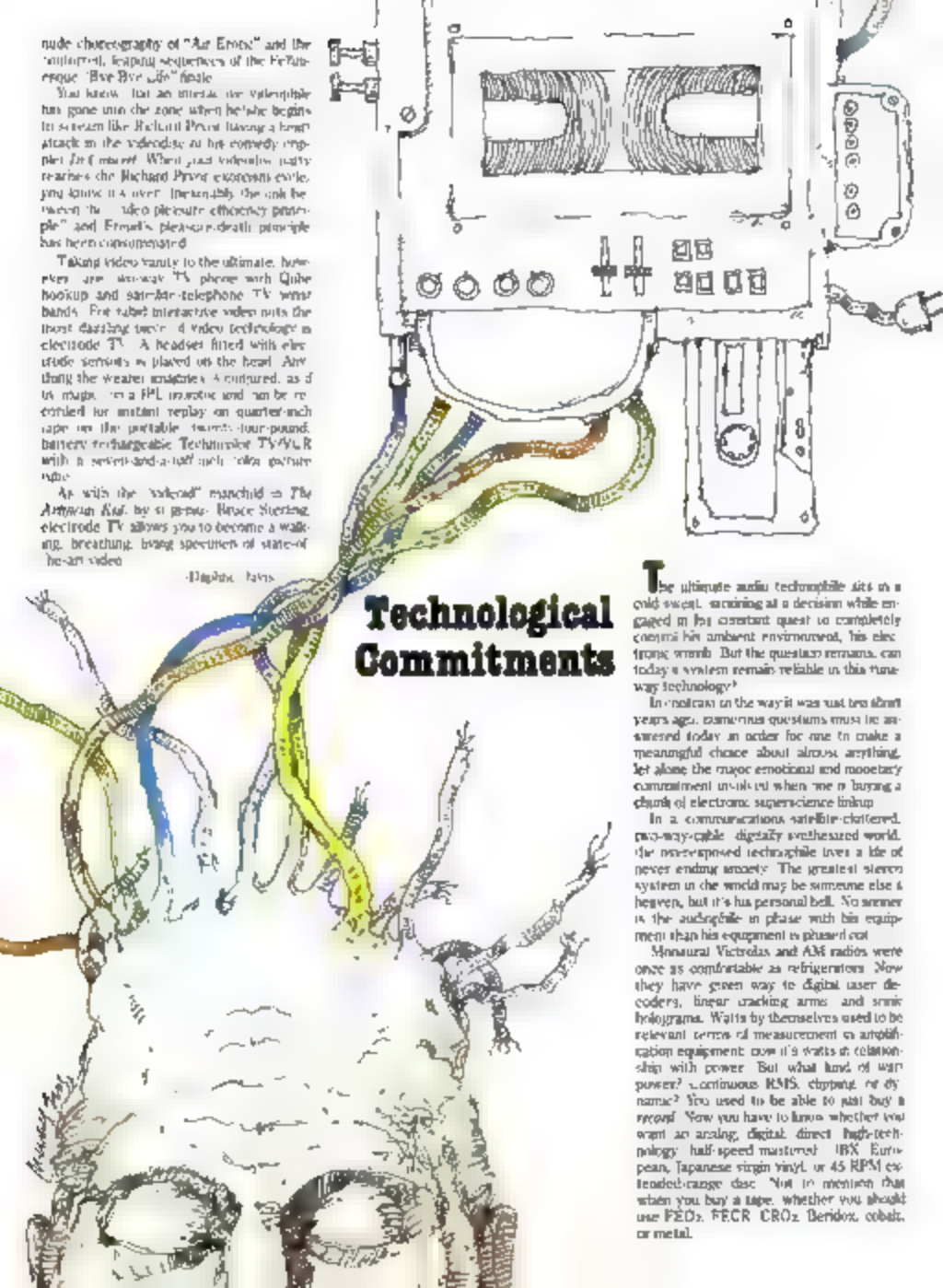
nude choreography of "Air Erotic" and the multiarmed, leaping sequences of the Fellini-esque "Bye Bye Life" finale.

You know that an intimate, videophile has gone into the zone when he/she begins to scream like Richard Pryor having a heart attack in the video-disc-as-sex-comedy-cripple *Jo Jo Dancer*. When your videophile nearly reaches the Richard Pryor excitement exhibited by "video pleasure ethereal principle" and Ernotic pleasure-death principle has been accomplished.

Taking video vanity to the ultimate, however, are two-way TV phone with Qube hookup and satellite-telephone TV wrist bands. For total interactive video with the most dazzling twist of video technology is electrode TV. A headset fitted with electrode sensors is placed on the head. Anything the wearer imagines is captured, as if in magic, on a PPL transistor and can be recorded for instant replay on quarter-inch tape on the portable, three-four-pound, battery-rechargeable Technivibe TV/VCR with a seven-and-a-half-inch video picture tube.

As with the "videoid" matchup in *The Artificial Kid*, by science fiction author Bruce Sterling, electrode TV allows you to become a walking, breathing, living spectrum of state-of-the-art video.

—Digital Days



Technological Commitments

The ultimate audiophile sits in a cold sweat, straining at a decision while engaged in his constant quest to completely control his ambient environment, his electronic womb. But the question remains, can today's system remain reliable in this runaway technology?

In contrast to the way it was just ten short years ago, numerous questions must be answered today in order for one to make a meaningful choice about almost anything, let alone the major emotional and monetary commitment involved when one is buying a chunk of electronic superscience linkup.

In a communications satellite-clustered, two-way-cable, digitally synthesized world, the most-improved technophile lives a life of never-ending anxiety. The greatest stereo system in the world may be someone else's heaven, but it's his personal hell. No sooner is the audiophile in phase with his equipment than his equipment is phased out.

Monaural Victrolas and AM radios were once as comfortable as refrigerators. Now they have given way to digital laser decoders, linear tracking arms and sonic holograms. Watts by themselves used to be relevant terms of measurement in amplification equipment; now it's watts in relationship with power. But what kind of watt power? Continuous RMS, clipping, or dynamic? You used to be able to just buy a record. Now you have to know whether you want an analog, digital, direct high-technology half-speed mastered IBX European, Japanese virgin vinyl, or 45 RPM extended-range disc. Not to mention that when you buy a tape, whether you should use FEDr, FECR CROz, Beridox, cobalt, or metal.

There are two basic types of turntables, belt drive and direct drive. Some opt for the simplicity and splendid acoustical isolation afforded by such belt-drive models as the Linn Sondek LP 12 and the Regal Planar 3. The new rotational inertia, direct-drive models such as the Sony-tracking Revox B790 and the Sony PS-X800 are also becoming available. Cartridges for these turntable choices come from three techniques: the low-output moving coil like the Dynavector Ruby which requires a "head" or pre-preamplifier, the high-output moving coil like the Ortofon Vari Red Hat, and the moving magnet such as the Grace F8E or Grado G2. Although there are many good receivers like the Technics Yamaha, and Luxman models, the future flexibility of the component system is preferable.

The speed, accuracy, and features of a preamp and the heart of a component system are the main factors to be considered when hooking up one. Most esoteric electronic manufacturers continually develop preamps utilizing new technologies. The Hafler DH-101 SAD 3000, or either of the Carvers. Not to forget some of the older more established models such as McIntosh and Crown. The preamp must be mated well to the power supply amplifier to make the whole work. Hafler SAD, Carver, McIntosh, and Crown all offer amps compatible with their preamps, but there are many mix-and-match opportunities offered.

Most turntables in high-fidelity saturated areas such as cities operate equally well for day-to-day use unless the ultimate enclosed environment is in the countries where radio waves need a strong, later pickup. The dynamic range most radio broadcasts need is so compressed in comparison to even today's records that it has become a no-win situation. However, a few tuners worth mentioning are the NAD 4020, Audio GFT 1, Sony ST-S7, and Yamaha T7.

For optimal atmospheres one and having the speakers are the most critical matter of personal taste. Speakers should be purchased by the consumer who is going to listen to them. Do not be persuaded by other ears. What sounds good to you is what will work for you in the long run.

Since speakers systems come in so many variants, full range usually in one enclosure, and satellite format (separately contained modules), a custom-made environment to enables provides. Full-range systems favored are the Snell Type A, Fried E, Acoustas #3, and AR9. A preferred satellite system is the Fried C+Q, super invented. Other worthy satellite systems are those created by RTR M+S, Polk, ADS, OHM, and Braun.

Within every satellite system rests its "mini speaker" which when used in pairs in a small room set up at ensure space #2 by the theorists. One standard of mini speakerdom for years has been the Rogers S3/A. Other existing entries are the compact Kahn, Braun L300, and Sequerra Model One. Or just forget about speakers altogether and sink into digital isolation via a pair of Stax Sigma headphones.

The word digital gets tossed around so much that it needs explaining. The systems of today employ an electronic longhand called analog circuits. Analog circuits are like analogies to music. Digital is a numerically coded, computer shorthand of music that is faster, to greater dynamic range, cleaner and essentially accurate. You may have already seen digital discs available from most major and some esoteric suppliers. There are however hybrid discs in that the art mastered digitally but pressed into analog records so that they can be played back on conventional turntables. The maker then obviously must do battle with the problems of typical analog records.

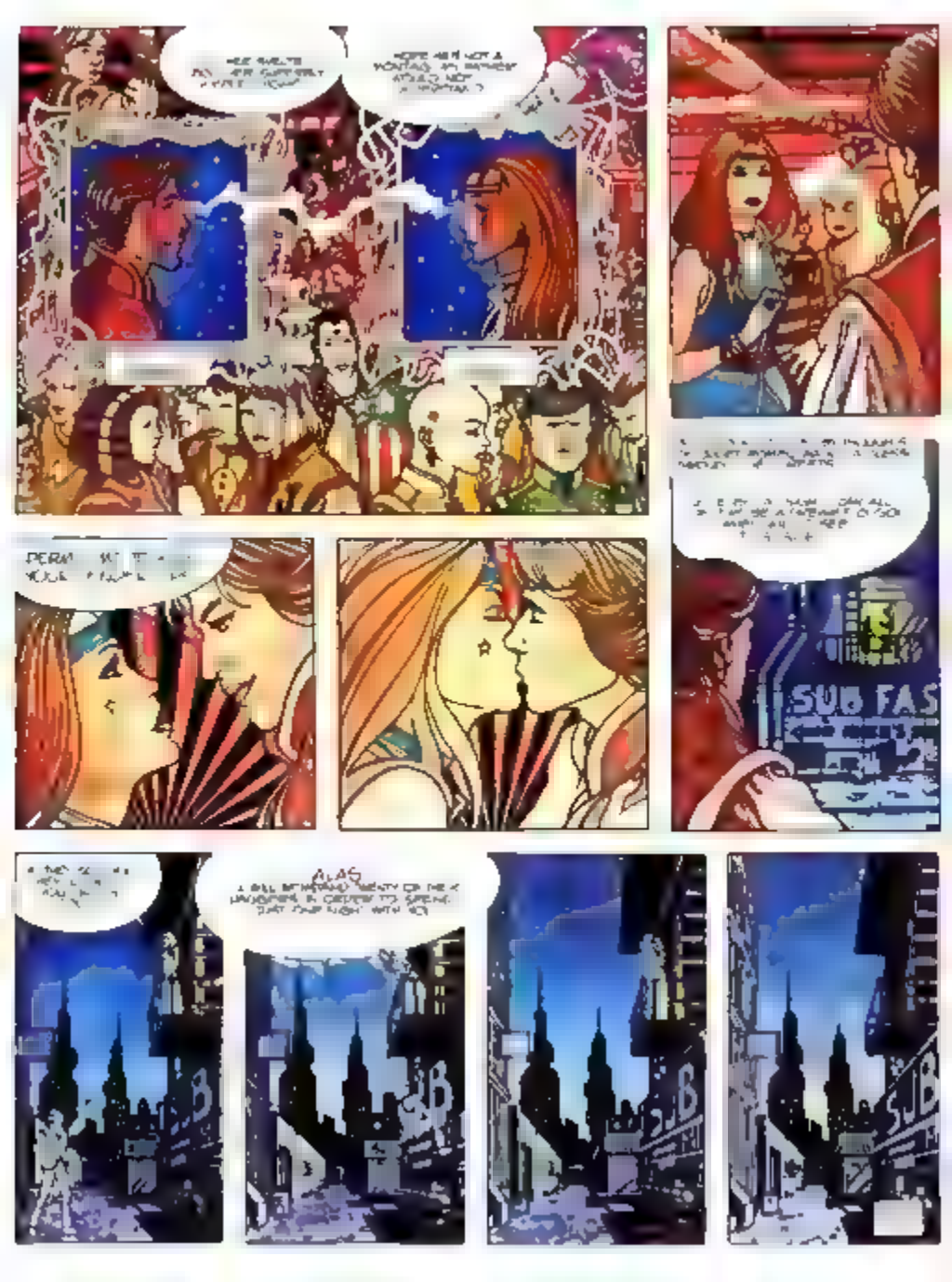
The future of digital hardware and software will employ such technologies as the Sony/Philips 4.7 inch laser disc and RCA's CED capacitance magnetic system, both of which are noncontact systems eliminating the problems of the needle and groove. The future should solve software problems. Perhaps one way out will be the downloaded news for in-home storage. The home high-speed digital recorder could, through the phone or satellite, record hours of music in minutes for immediate use.

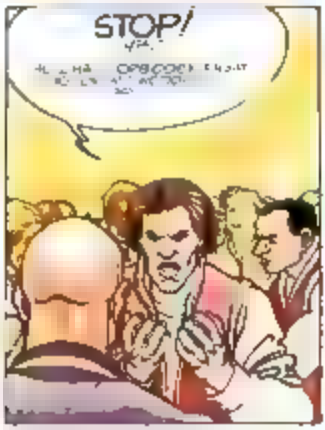
The closest interaction in the audio world today is that of recording. Recording home tapes today can be easy and come off as well as studio work. Using metal tape and advance microphones such as Sony, Audio Technica, AKG, or Shure, today's cassette decks can give you quite a thrill. Tandberg and Revox make incredible home decks, but the seemingly undisputed top deck are the ones from Nakamichi. With the Nakamichi, you will need an MX100 and PS100 for microphone recording.

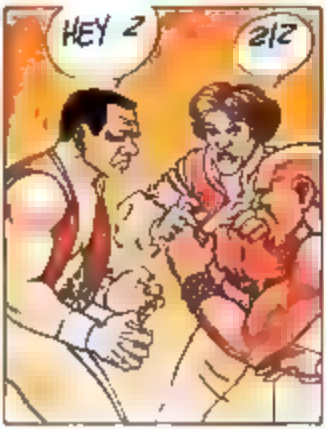
So the complete sonic apocalypse wanders the street with his head in his portable organic subwoofer in his pocket, an Apple IIGS at the soda in his belt, and earphones made in space. He has left the protection of his personal megalopolis. But he offers one partial gratification. He is still faced with the struggle to gain total control over his or her personal environment. So, with his ultimate goal, to gain mutable power, create data on new equipment because of this observation, accumulation becomes an infinite, dis-able problem. He is a musical

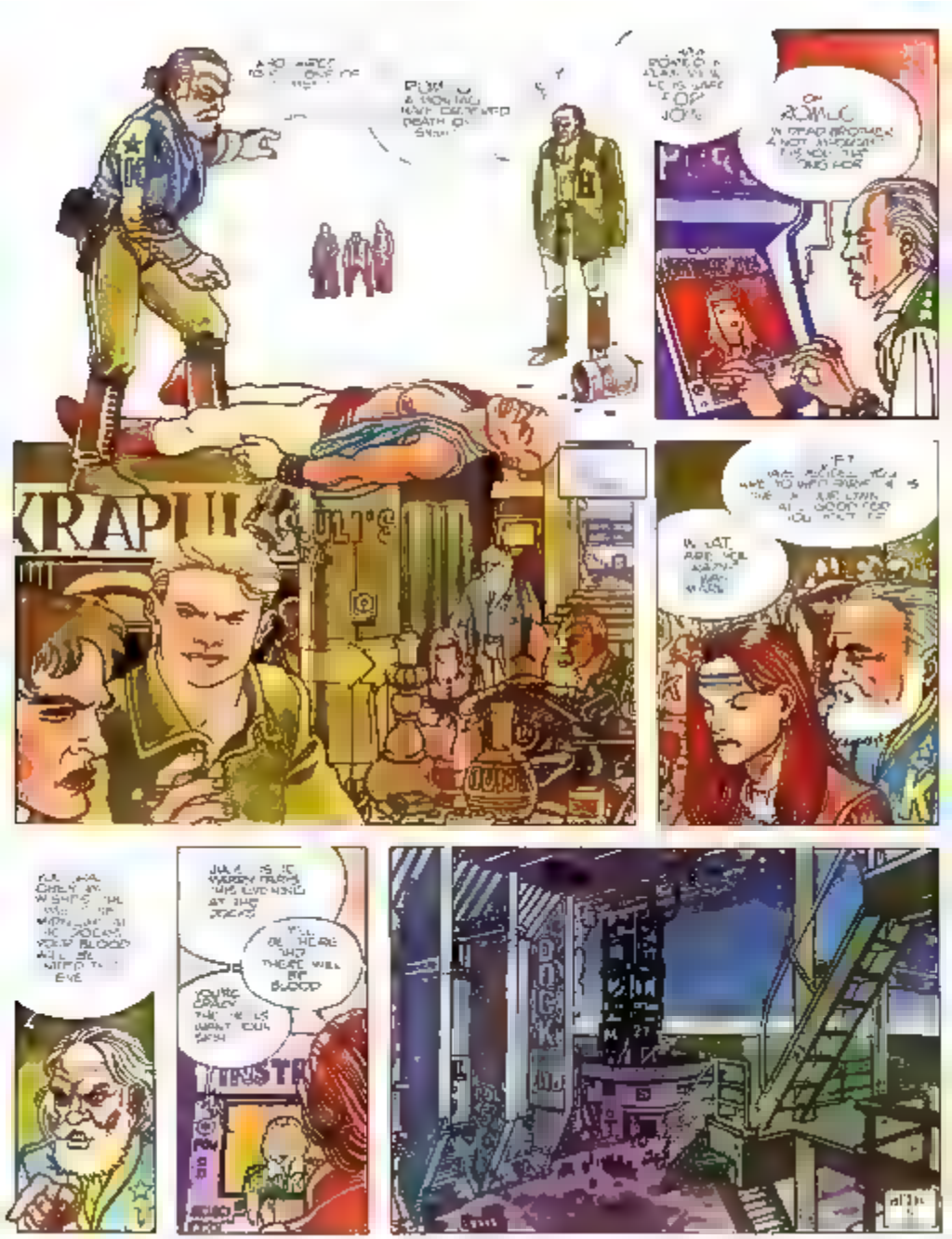
Edward Gradnan

ROMEO AND JULIET
BZHHH



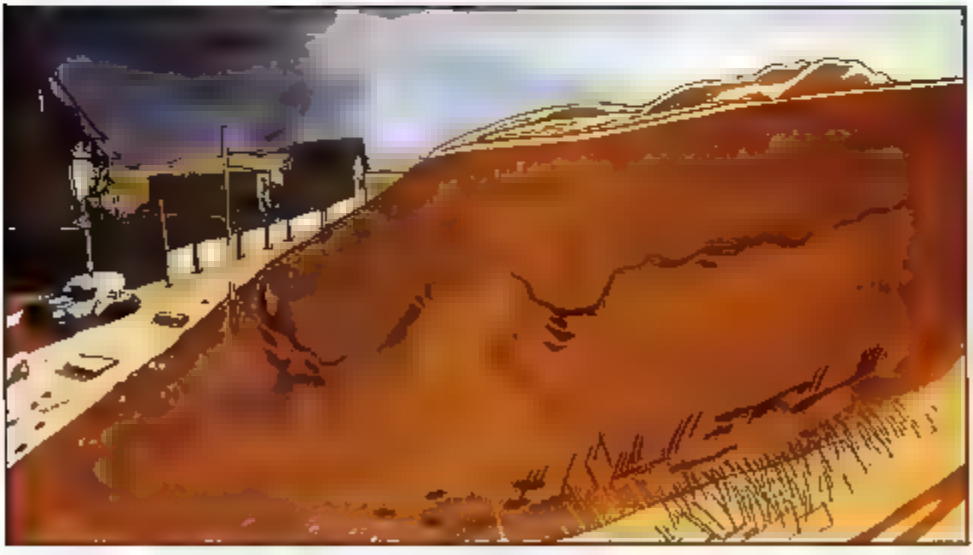

STOP!


HEY 2
212



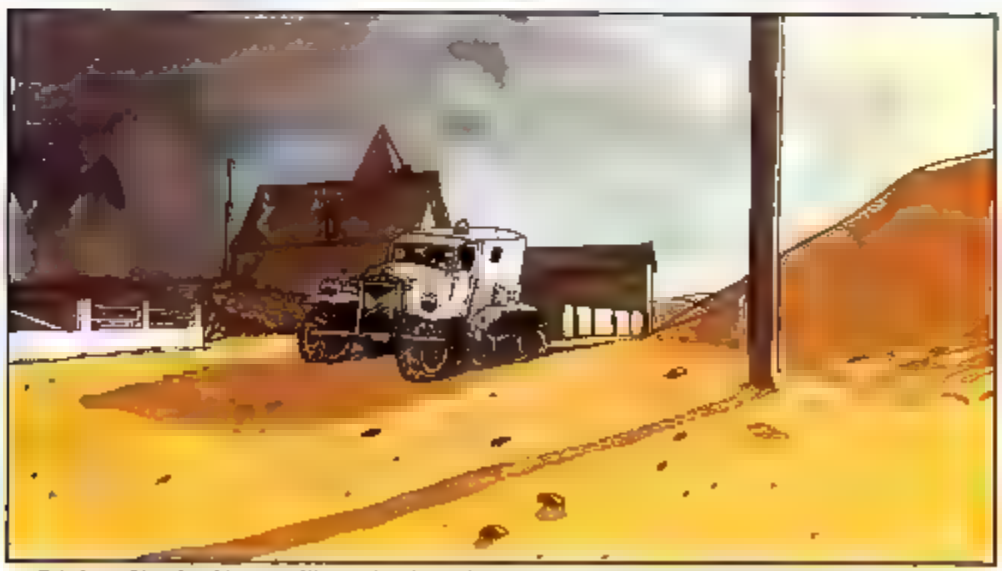
NO!
YOU SHALL ARE FOR THE BIRDS WITH BET-TER CASTINGS, AND THE ORIGINAL MISSING HIS TITLE HAVE BEEN ONE HE. DARKLAW
AH, CALL ME ALWAYS.

EVER ON THAT DAY WE HAVE HEARD NOTHING SAVE MY FOOTSTEPS IN THE SAND AND THE WAVES AGAINST THE SHORE. WE HAVE ANIMALS, NO LONGER AND THERE ARE NO BIRDS LEFT TO SING. I STOPPED SCREAMING SOME TIME AGO.

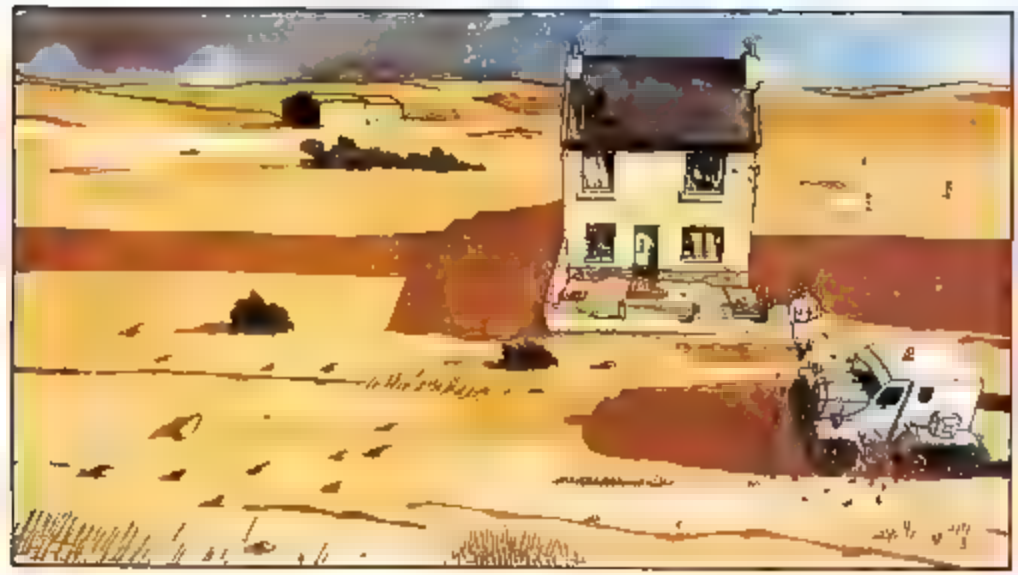


I DON'T EVEN HEAR THE SEA WHICH POUNDS AGAINST THE SHORES NOT TOO FAR FROM HERE. I HEARD THEIR CAR FOR WHAT SEEMED AN ERA'S BEFORE I ACTUALLY SAW THEM. BUT I STAYED BY MY SHACK, JUST STARING AT THE ROAD. I GUESS YOU CAN CALL ME THE LAST OF THE REDSHIRTS.

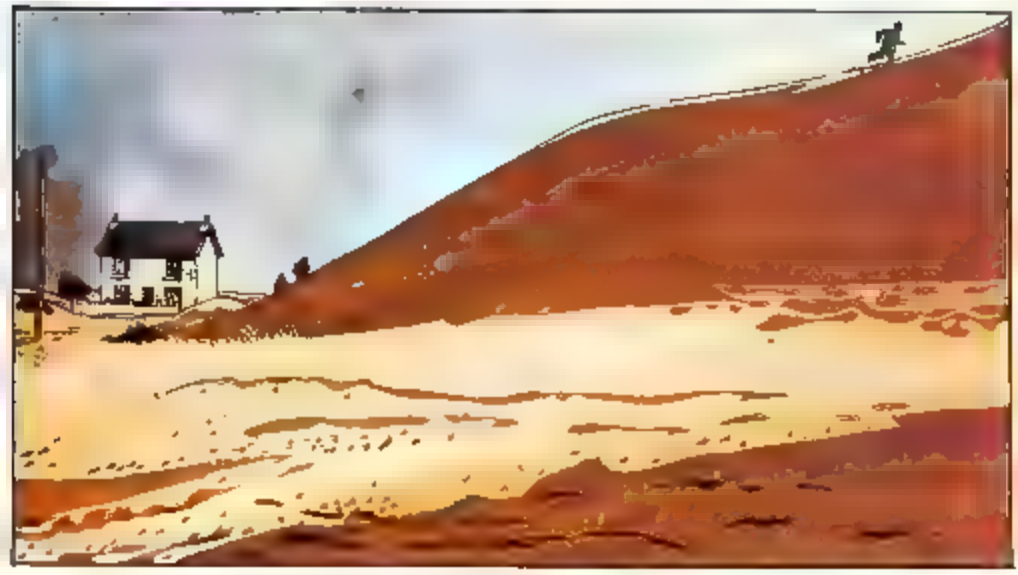
I WAS THAT SAME AIR THAT DROVE ROUND AND ROUND THE DESERTED VILLAGE OUT OF FEAR AND JUST NOT CARING, I PISSED DOWN THE SIDE OF MY LEG. THIS HURT ME FOR SOME ODD REASON AND I FELL TO THE GROUND WRITHING IN PAIN AT THIS POINT I WAS SO THIN FROM NOT EATING, THAT I COULDN'T HAVE HOPED TO REMOVE A PAIR OF GRASS, AND NEITHER OF THEM WOULD HAVE BEEN THE WINNER



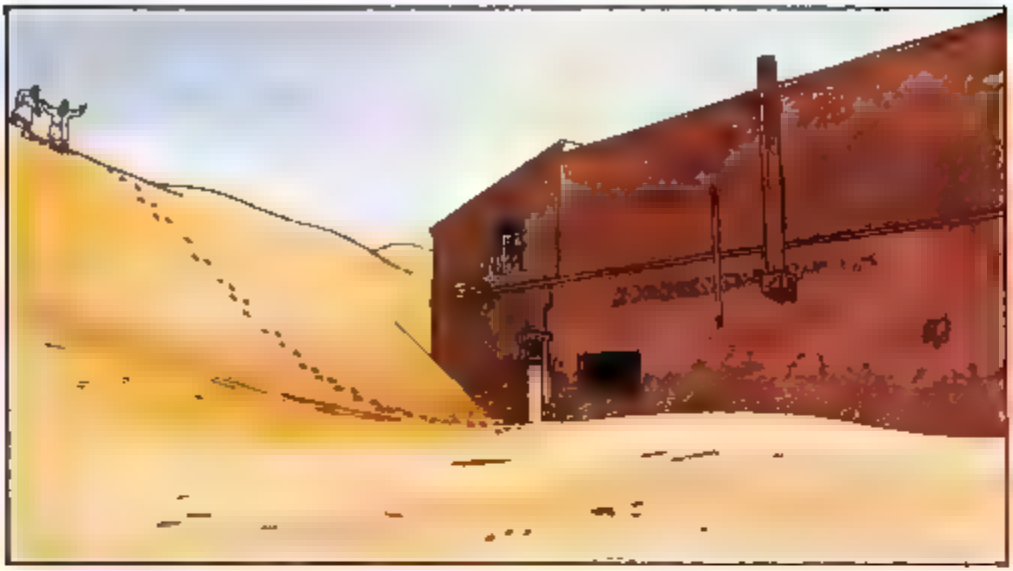
I SLOWLY ROLLED A UP MY KNEES (WHICH WERE ACHING), LEANED AGAINST MY STOMACH (FEELTHINGS) UP FROM MY ELBOWS (FILTHY) AND SAT UPRIGHT AND THOUGHT AND THOUGHT AND THOUGHT MY THOUGHTS BECAME REVERIES, AND I DREAMT OF ANTOINE AND LUCIEN AND HOW THEY RULED HOOD YEARS AGO



EN'S DID NOT THEIR WATCHDOGS OUT FOR ME NOW THEY WERE POSSESSED. RUNNING THROUGH MY YARD, RUMMAGING THROUGH THE GARBAGE. I WAS ENRAGED BY THEIR CLEAN CLOTHES AND WELL-FED FORM. I CURSED MYSELF FOR BEING SO PETTY AND SUDDENLY REMEMBERED THE PHOTO



OF MYSELF AND LOOKED AT HER. THEN I SAW THE ASSASSIN'S DIRTY FINGERS ON THE SMALL FACE'S OF MY CHILDREN. I CRIED OUT LIKE AN ANIMAL, BUT KEPT SILENT AS THE SAND CREW NOT BE WEARY OF



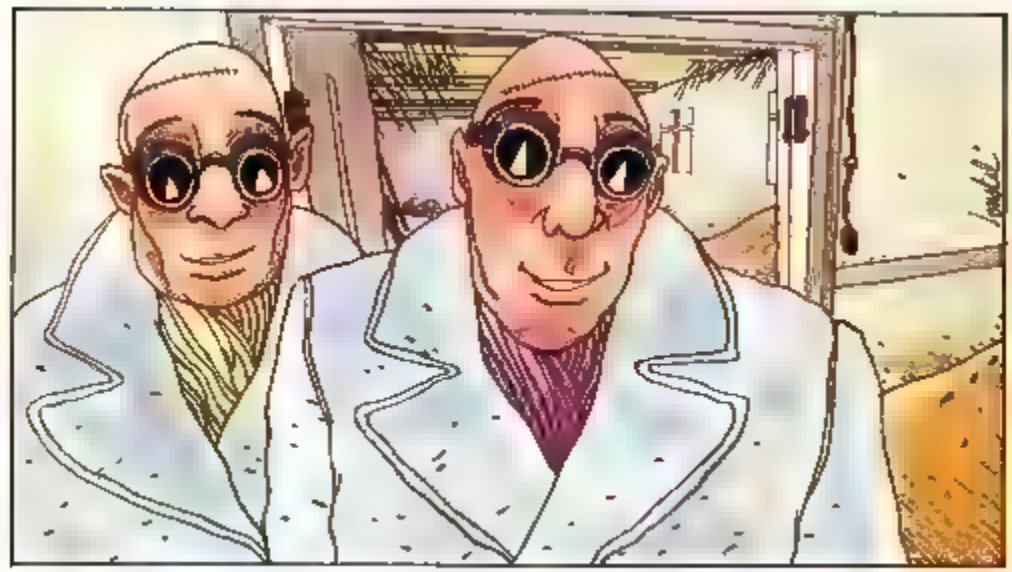
I HAD [illegible] OF THE TRAVEL. I BROKE [illegible] WINDOW. HIS HAND RE-MAINED IN THAT WITH CLENCHED [illegible] CAN DRIVE THEM AND THEY HAVE DONE THE GAME FOR ME. I WAS THE FISHERMAN MEN'S WHEN IT [illegible] JUST US.

US WHO BLACKENED THE SKY WHEN ANTOINE AND LUCIEN WERE BEATEN [illegible] THE FIELD. WHEN THEIR MOTHER HAD LAUGHED JUST A BIT TOO LOUD IN THE OFFICES OF THE SLUM AND

AS WELL SOMETIMES THE [illegible] GET HUNGRY AND I GO US OUT A SMOKE I SMOKE A X ARE TYE AND SEE I [illegible] BUT X WE BUT B BE [illegible] BEATS WOULD WORK OU SUIT THE BODY ARE RE AREA [illegible]

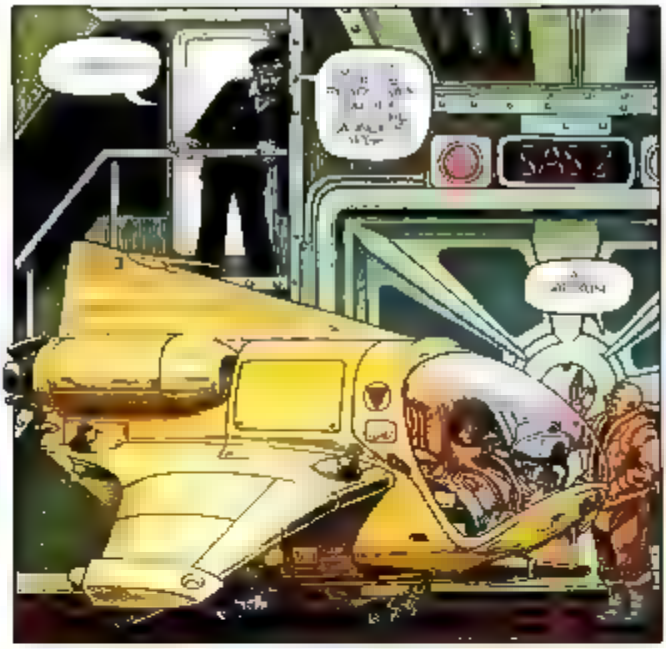
I WORK FIVE SHIFTS A WEEK IN THE AUTOPSY ROOM AND DAY OUT SOMETIMES EVEN SIX DAYS A WEEK TO DAY [illegible] A SUNDAY THE MACHINES ARE ASLEEP AND I WELL I JUST SIT AND WAIT AND WORK EVER

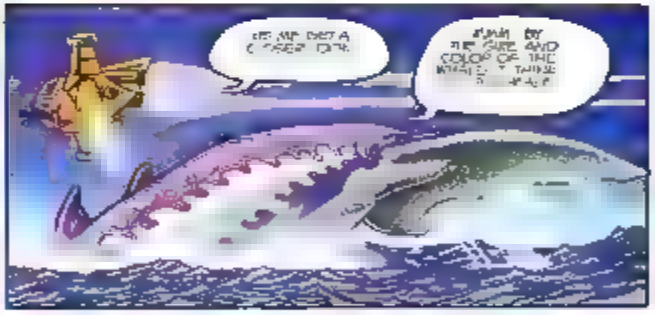
"OH, OH. Y'N WORLD TOLD CLEX HOME. OOOH, MY STOMACH HURTS. SO MUCH I THINK I HEAR THEM. THEY HAVEN'T FIND ME. THEY KNOW? WHEN I SNAP MY FINGERS, THEY WILL BE GONE. TOO BAD. I WANNA THEM HAPPY FUCK!

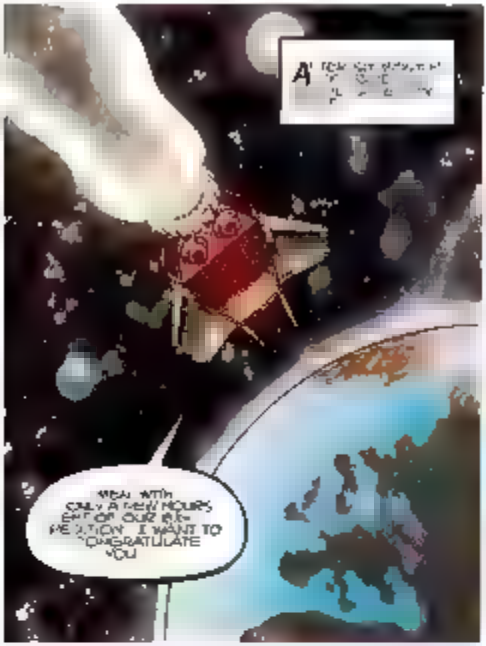


"WE DIDN'T BELIEVE AT FIRST EITHER. IN THE BEGINNING WE WERE JUST AS YOU ARE NOW. BE LOOK AT US. LOOK AT US! DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE US? WHY, WE'RE AN ITCHE AND LICKEN AND WE'VE COME TO TAKE YOU AWAY.

MOBY DICK

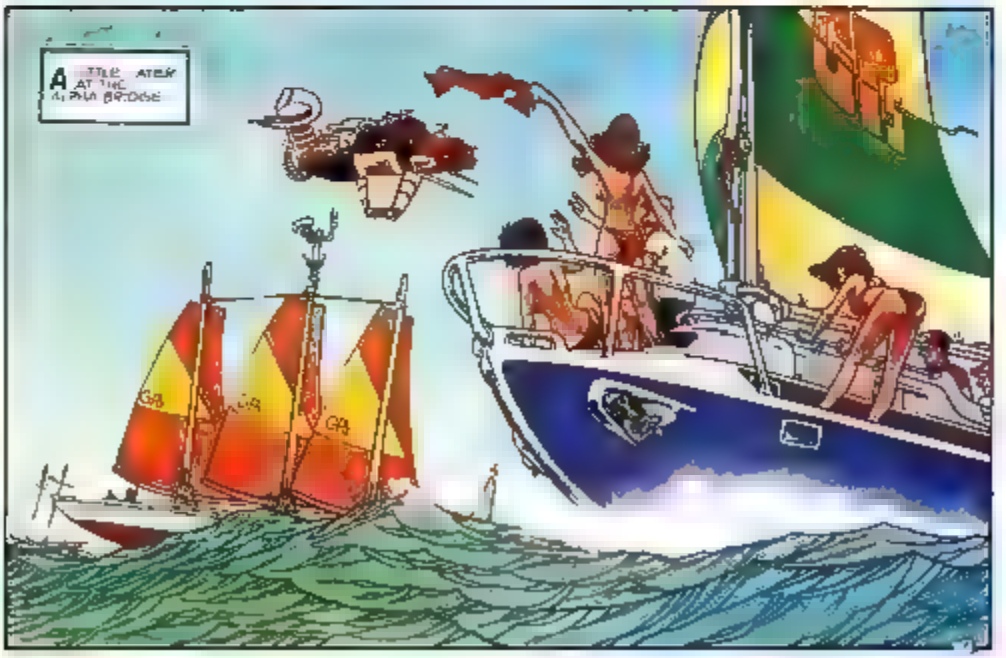


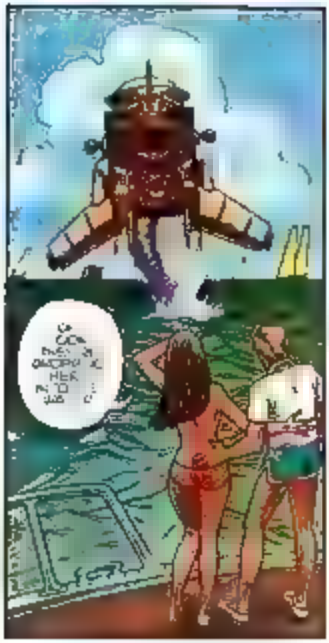


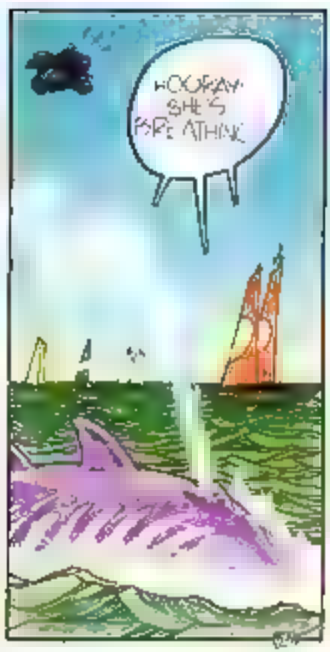

DEAL WITH ONLY A FEW HOURS LEFT OF OUR RENOVATION. I WANT TO CONGRATULATE YOU

FOR WHAT YOU HAVE ACCOMPLISHED IN SPITE OF THE DIFFICULTIES THE DULL NIGHTS THE DISCOMFORT OF THE VESSEL AND THE OCEAN
DON'T FORGET WE SCORED 10 POINTS.

HE HERE'S A WITNESS WHO SAW THE ALPHA BRIDGE


AT THE ALPHA BRIDGE



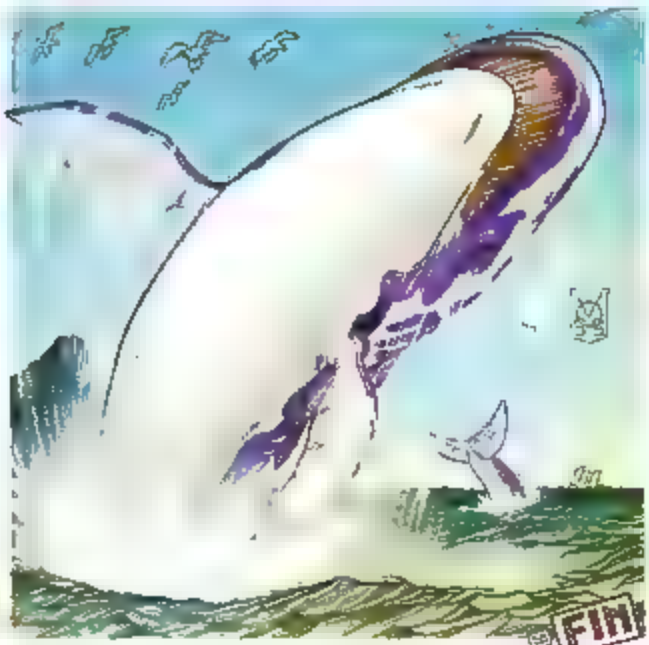


A FEW YEARS AFTER THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE LAST WHALE FROM EARTH THE WELL KNOWN ECOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION THE GREEN PACIFIC ORGANIZED AN EXPEDITION TO THE PLANET NUMBER 4, ON WHICH A GROUP OF ECOLOGISTS HAD BEEN SIGHTED BY A CARAVAN OF SMALL DROMEDARIES.

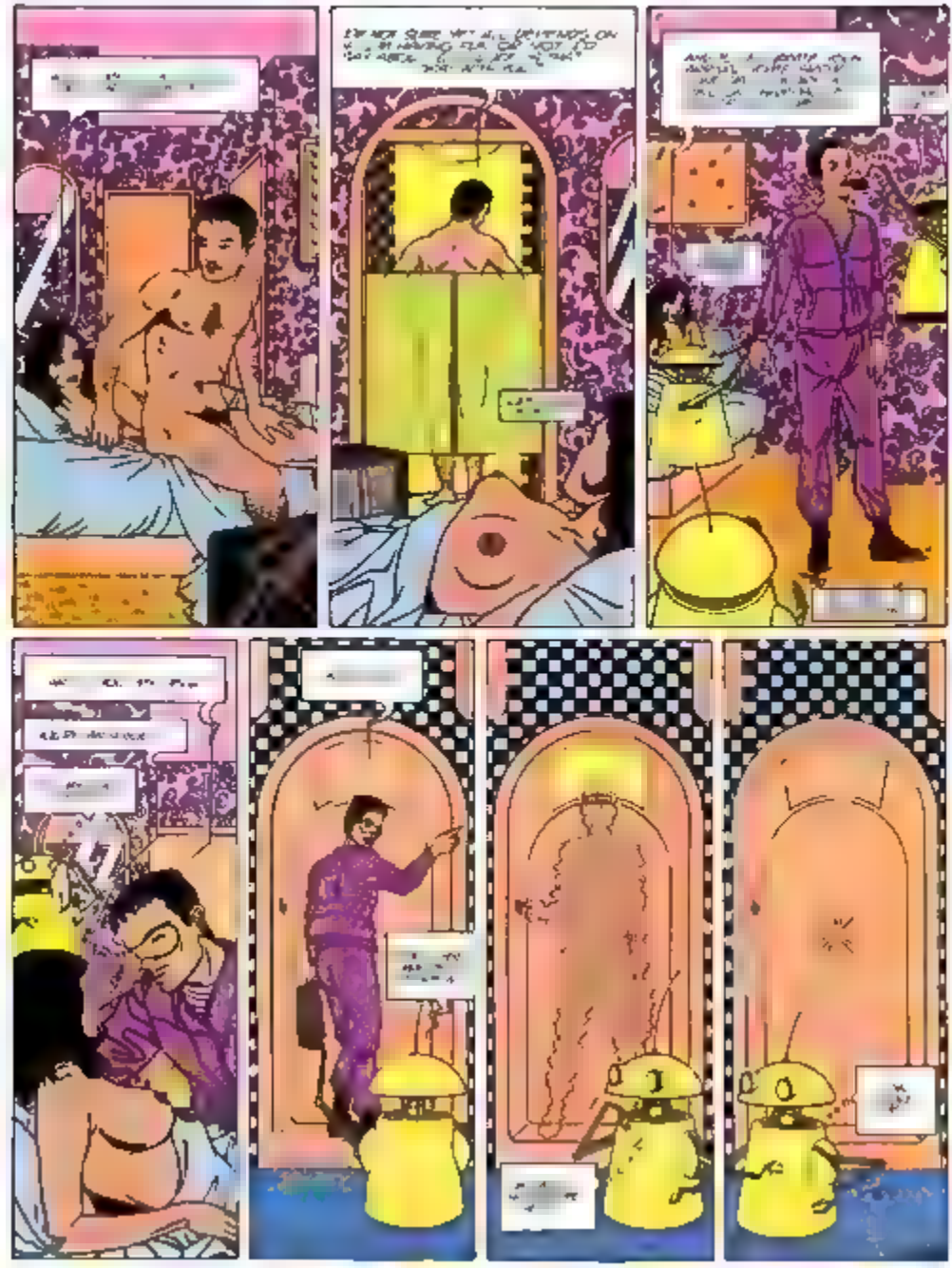
CURIOUSLY CAPTAIN AHAB WAS CHOSEN TO LEAD THIS EXPEDITION, THE SAME MAN WHO HAD CONTRIBUTED TO THE EXTERMINATION OF THESE ANIMALS MILLION AND MORE YEARS BEFORE.

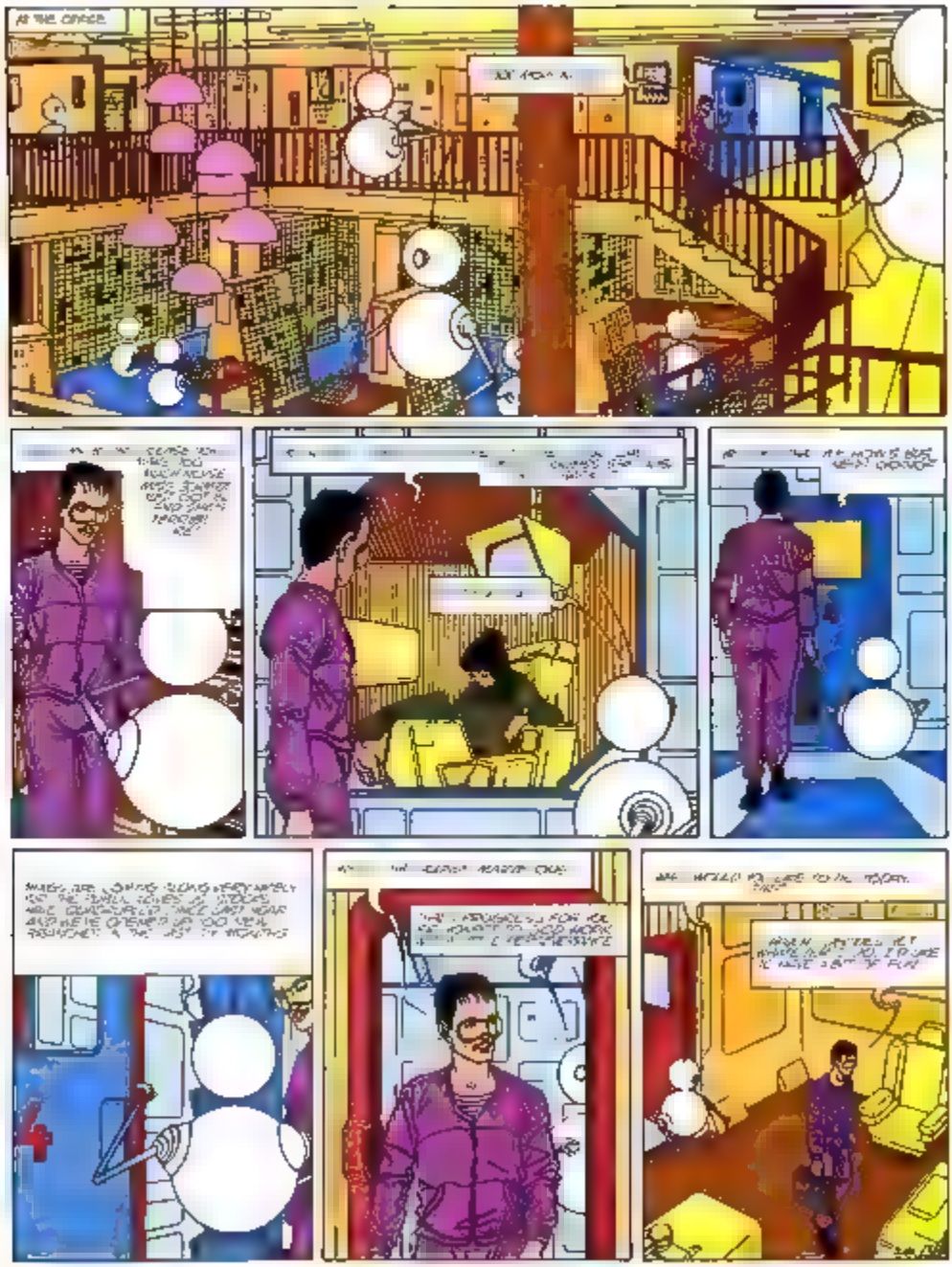
THANKS TO A TALENTED AND THOUGHTFUL CREW AND THE COURAGE OF THE VOLUNTEERS ON WHICH ARE ABLE SOON TO LIVE IN THIS NEW ENVIRONMENT THE DESCENDANTS OF THAT FIRST EXTRATERRESTRIAL WHALE THE ONE THEN CALLED MOBY DICK!

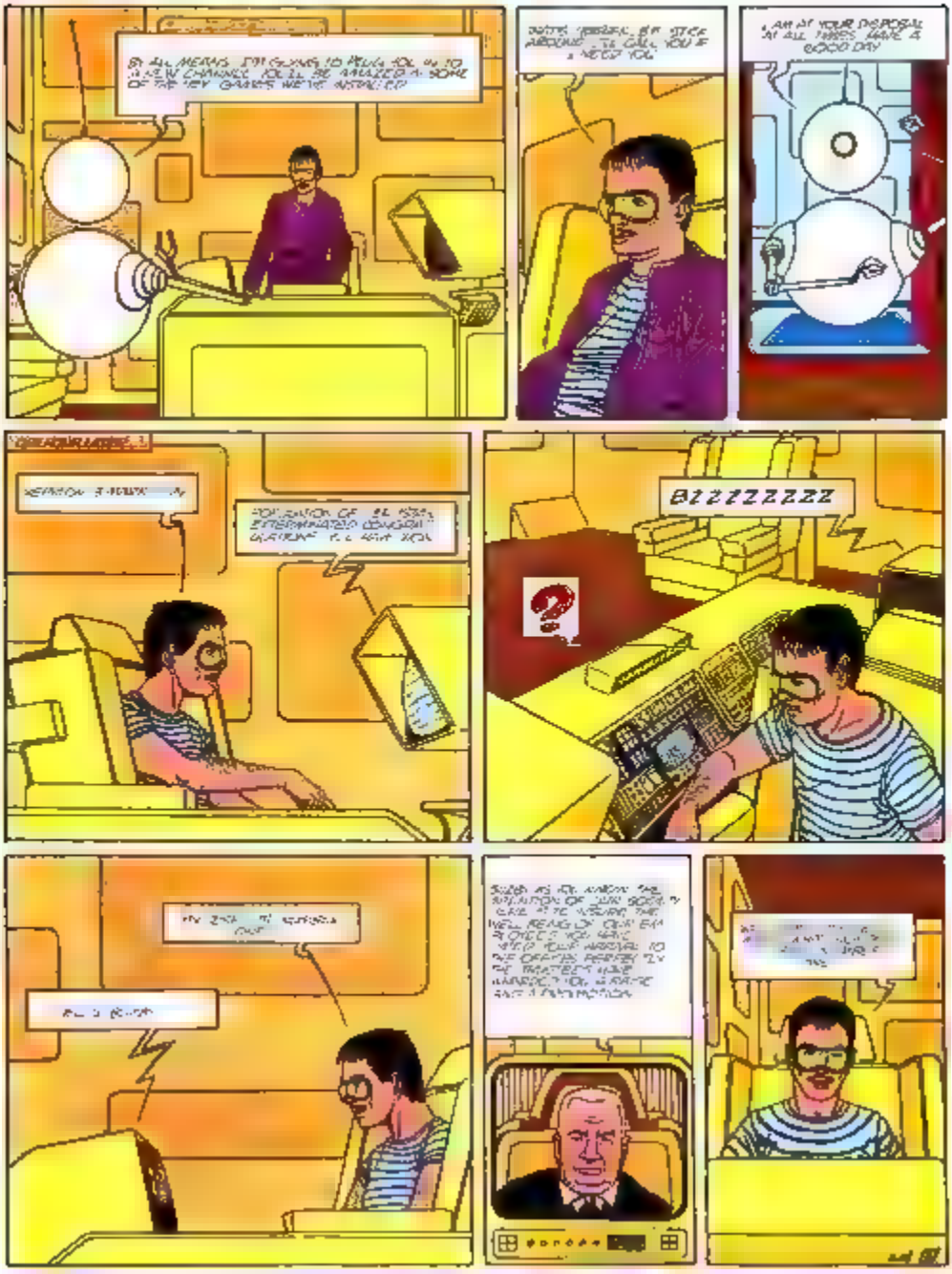
GREEN PACIFIC

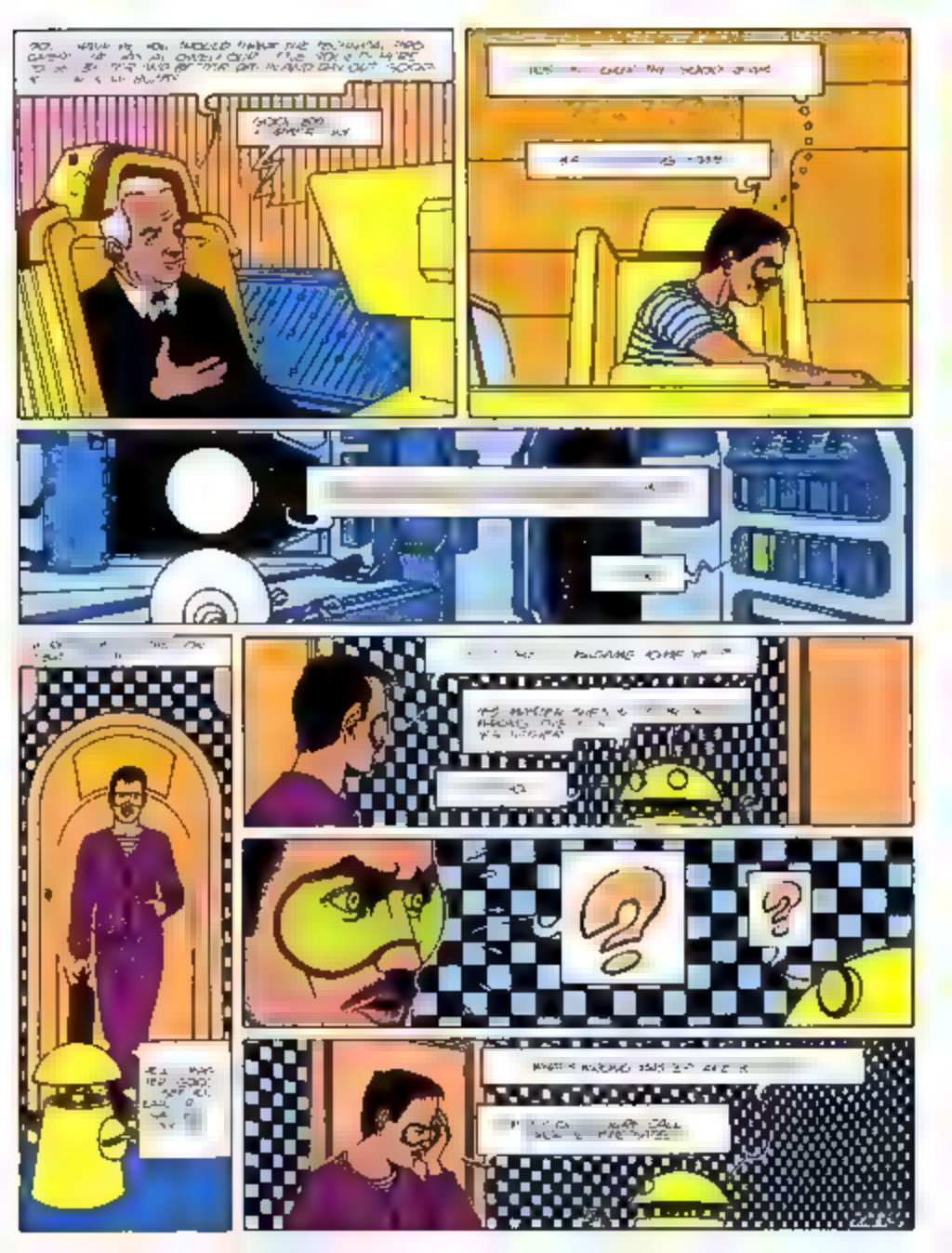


TRINITROMONOL
SAVED OUR LOVE




AT THE OFFICE

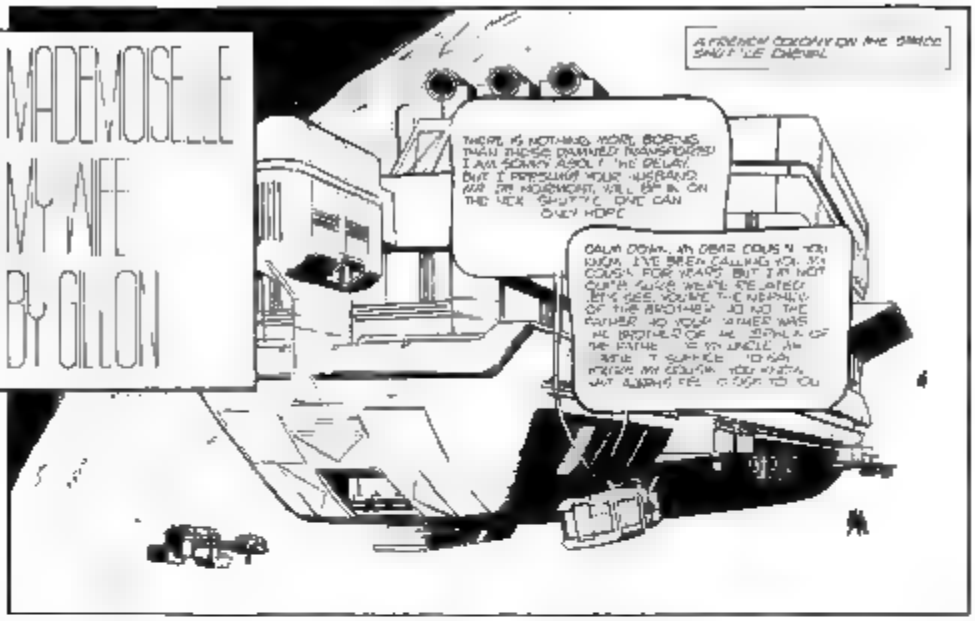

BY ALL MEANS, I'M GOING TO HELP YOU IN TO A NEW CHANNEL. YOU'LL BE AMAZED AT SOME OF THE NEW GAMES WE'VE INSTALLED
QUITE FRANKLY, I'M SICK AROUND HERE. I'LL CALL YOU IF I NEED YOU.
I AM AT YOUR DISPOSAL AT ALL TIMES. HAVE A GOOD DAY.
BZZZZZZZZ
?
SINCE AS FOR KARON THE SITUATION OF OUR BODY CARE AT THE WEARE THE WELL BEING OF OUR EM PLOYEES YOU WILL HAVE TO HELP ARRIVE TO THE CREATIVE PEOPLE TV THE TRAITEES HAVE HANDED TO A FANTIC SAFE A PARTNERSHIP



AAAH

MADEMOISELLE MY WIFE

By GILON


A FRENCH COLONY ON THE SURFACE OF THE MOON
THERE IS NOTHING MORE BORING THAN THESE DAMNED TRANSFERS! I AM SORRY ABOUT THE DELAY, BUT I PRESUME YOUR HUSBAND AND DR NOUMONT WILL BE IN ON THE NEXT SHUTTLE. ONE CAN ONLY HOPE
CALM DOWN... AH DEAR COUSIN YOU KNOW I'VE BEEN CALLING YOU 'COUSIN' FOR YEARS BUT I'M NOT QUITE SURE WHAT RELATED THEY ARE. YOU'RE THE NEPHEW OF THE BROTHER OF THE FATHER OF YOUR MOTHER WHO WAS THE BROTHER OF THE SISTER OF THE FATHER OF MY UNCLE IN LAW. I SUPPOSE I'D BETTER PROTECT MY COUSIN. YOU KNOW, I'VE ALWAYS FELT A CRUSH ON YOU

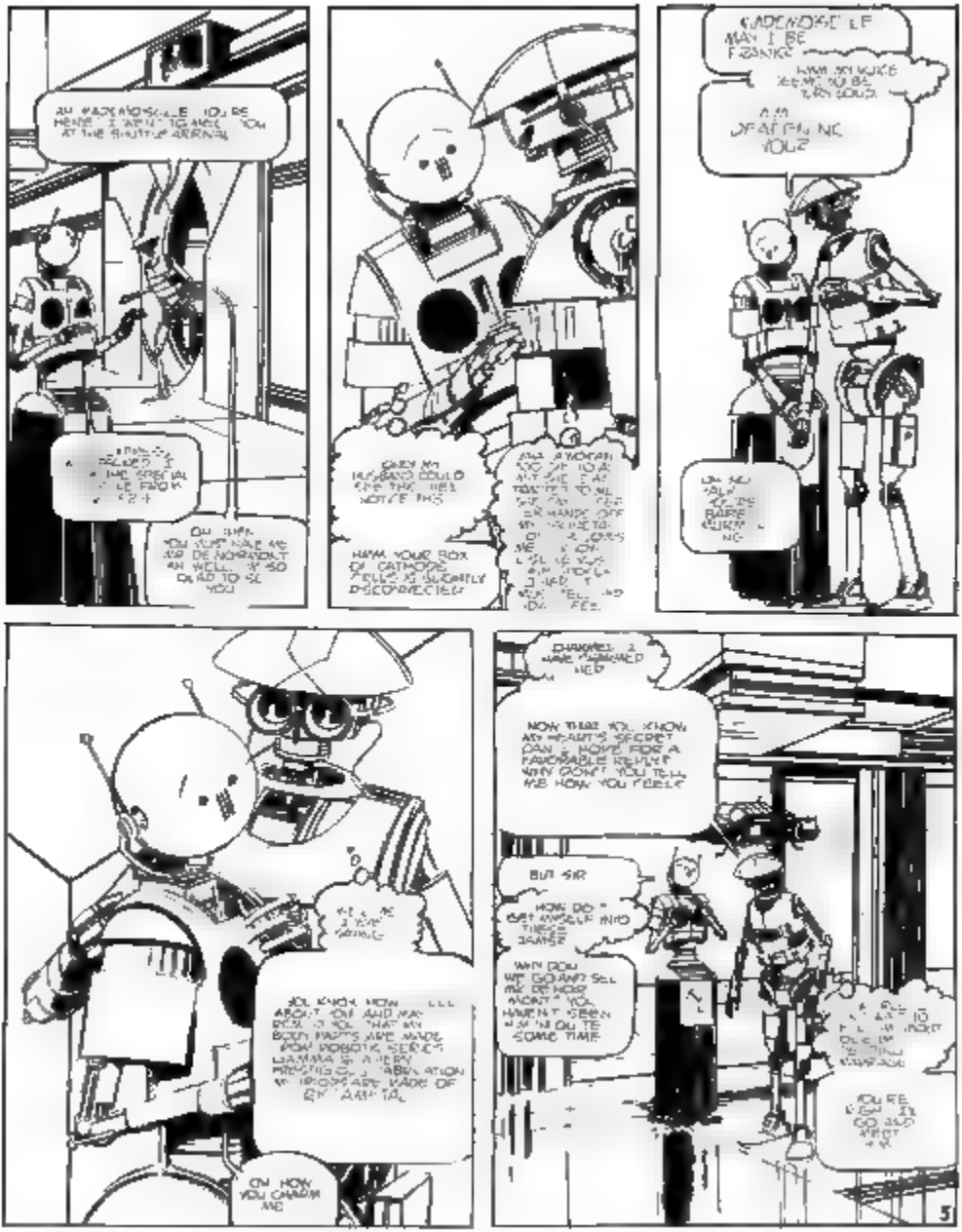
NOT TO WORRY YOUR CHARMING COMPANY IS ALWAYS TIME BREAKER. WHAT REMAINS THE PRESENCE OF YOUR LOVELY FRIEND MAD EMOISELLE DE ROCHAT DOESN'T HURT E HELP
MADEMOISELLE DE ROCHAT OF MENTITAL ALWAYS FORGET HER LAST NAME HOW SILLY OF ME
AH CHAL Y THEY HAVE AR RIVED MAYBE HUSBAND WILL BE WAITING AT HE GATE FOR US

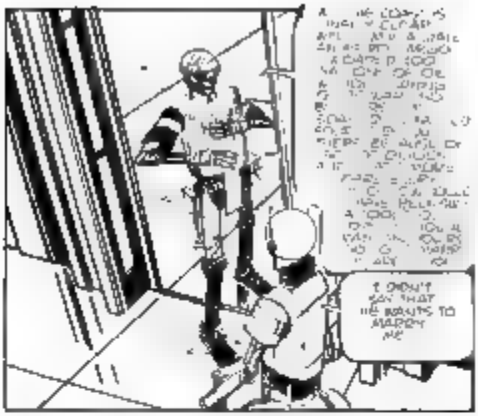
GISELE I AM CAUGHT IN LONE PLEASE HELP ME! REDUCE HEAT
BUT HOW CAN I HELP?
I ONLY HOPE SHE'S MARRIED OR I PROMISED TO KEEP HER SECURE

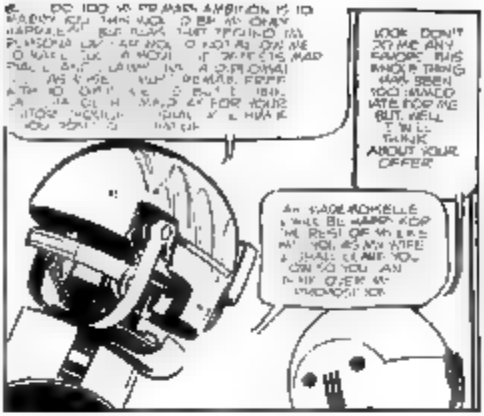
BY THE WAY WHERE WAS MADE MOISELLE DE ROCHAT THIS MORNING?
SHE LEFT AT DAWN ON THE SHUTTLE TO THE SHOPPING GALLERIES ON THE NEW MOON BY VOID

HMP IS CERTAINLY A BIT OF A WEIRDO, DON'T YOU THINK?
AS TOTALLY BIZARRE
IF HE KNEW THE TRUTH
RIGHT AFTER THE CEREMONY WE DO SAL LAUNCH, WITH A SECRET MISSION HE HAS YET TO REVEAL TO HIS WIFE
OKAY, MY DEAR MAQUET, I'LL SEE YOU LATER, THEN.
AS YOU KNOW, THE CHIEF'S HUSBAND
WILL.
BUT
DORSIA, WHOM I KNOW AS HIS WIFE
2

MY DEAR HUSBAND!
AH, SO HAPPY TO SEE YOU AGAIN. MY DEAR WIFE MAY I INTERRUPT YOU TO A CHARMING TRAVELER'S COMPANION AND DE SALLAN? ONES WE MET ON THE SHUTTLE
AH, OUR PRETTY TRAVELER
MR DE SALLAN CHEVALIER IS A VERY GOOD FRIEND OF MINE. PERE MADEMOISELLE DE ROCHAT
IT'S NEVER BEEN MY PLEASURE OF MEETING THE FAIR SEX WHILE TRAVELLING IN FIRST CLASS. OUR BAD LUCK
A SACRILEGE! IMMEDIATELY NOTICES A LOVELY WOMAN
OH, DU
OH, HANDS OF DESTINY YOU TELEPATHICALLY MADE MY CHOICE FOR ME!!!
BUT, THIS TRIP HAS TIRED ME OUT. WOULD YOU MIND IF I SLEEP ONE OF THE DELUXE CABINS BEFORE WE LEAVE?
GOOD IDEA I'LL COME ALONG WITH YOU. ESPECIALLY YOU, YOU DIRTY OLD MAN, IN ORDER!
SURE, NO PROBLEM
WHAT A CHARMING YOUNG WOMAN SHE IS. NICE PERSONALITY ALSO! MAKES ME SO HAPPY AS WELL! YET I SEE, WHILE I'M HERE TONIGHT AS WELL CLEAN UP A BIT.
WITH GLEE! I BELIEVE I HAVE ENOUGH TIME TO CLEAN OUT MY DISC SECTION BOX AND PUT A STYLE DRESSER ON MY DISCS
AH!
OH BECAUSE WE PARDON MY UNPEARANCE, I'M DRESSED. YOU CAN COME IN NOW!
OH NO I DON'T THINK I SHOULD
WELL HMM

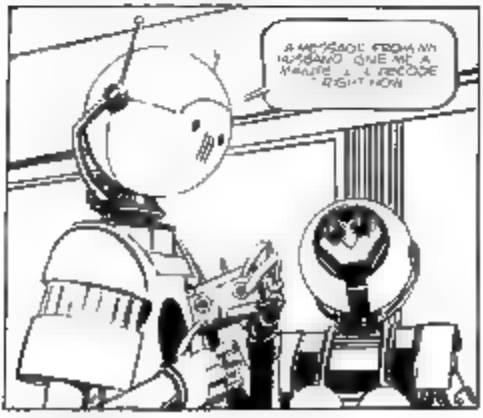

MADEMOISELLE YOU BE HERE I AM TO MEET YOU AT THE SHUTTLE ARRIVAL
OH MADEMOISELLE MAY I BE FRANK
HMM SO YOUR VOICE SEEMS TO BE VERY SOUL
AM AFRAID NO YOU
OH NO YOU HAVE HURT MY FEELINGS
GREY MY HUSBAND COULD SEE THAT HE'S NOTICE HIS
HMM YOUR BOX OF CATHODE FELLS IS SLIGHTLY DISCONNECTED
BUT SIR
HOW DO I GET MYSELF INTO THESE SCRAPES
WHY DON WE GO AND SELL ME DE NOSE AGENT YOU HAVEN'T SEEN HIM IN QUITE SOME TIME
OH HOW YOU CHARM ME
CHARMES I HAVE ALREADY MET
NOW THAT YOU KNOW MY HEART'S SECRET CAN I HOPE FOR A FAVORABLE RETURN WHY DON'T YOU TELL ME HOW YOU FEEL
YOU RE GOOD AT THIS
3

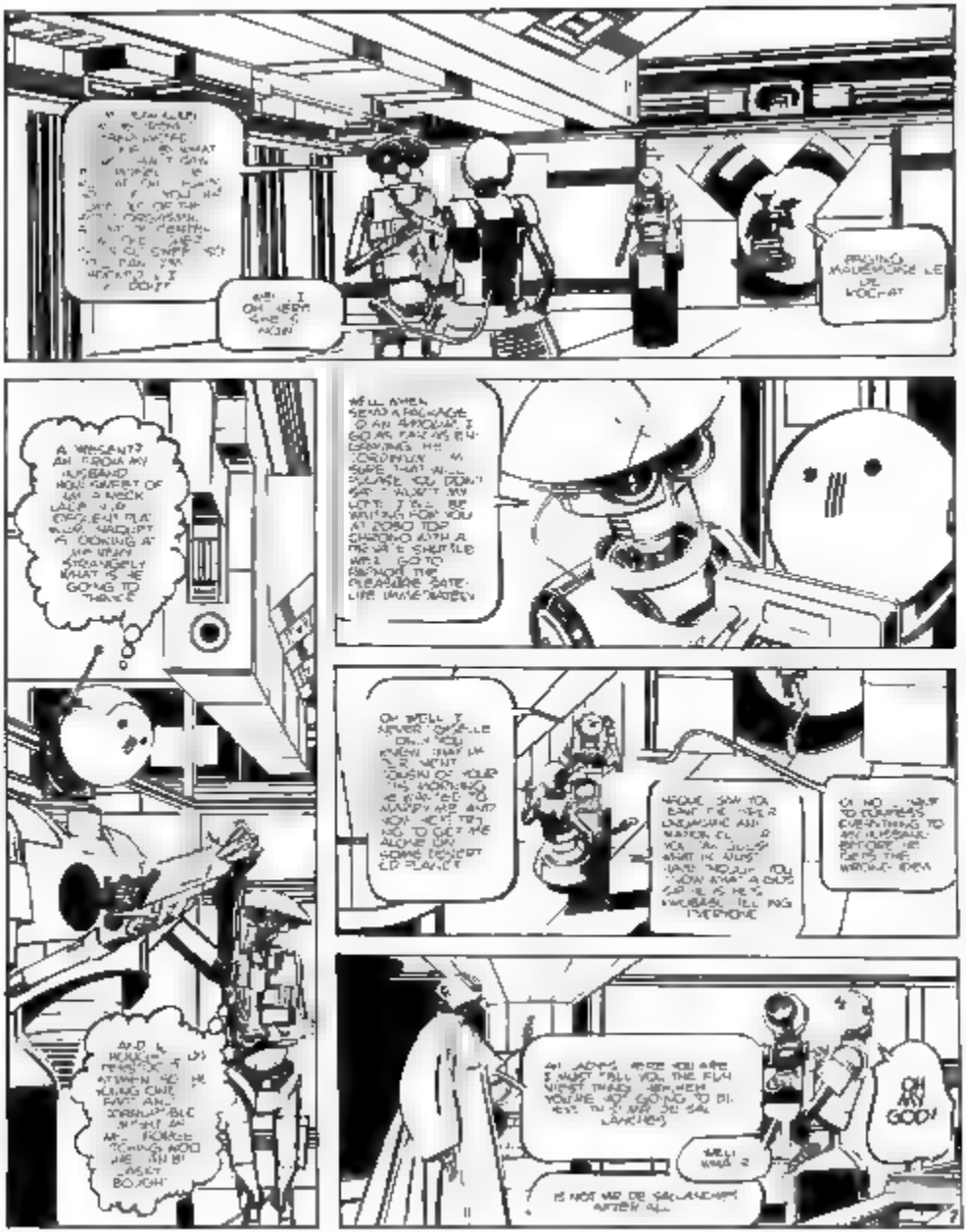

I DON'T SEE WHAT HE WANTS TO MARRY ME

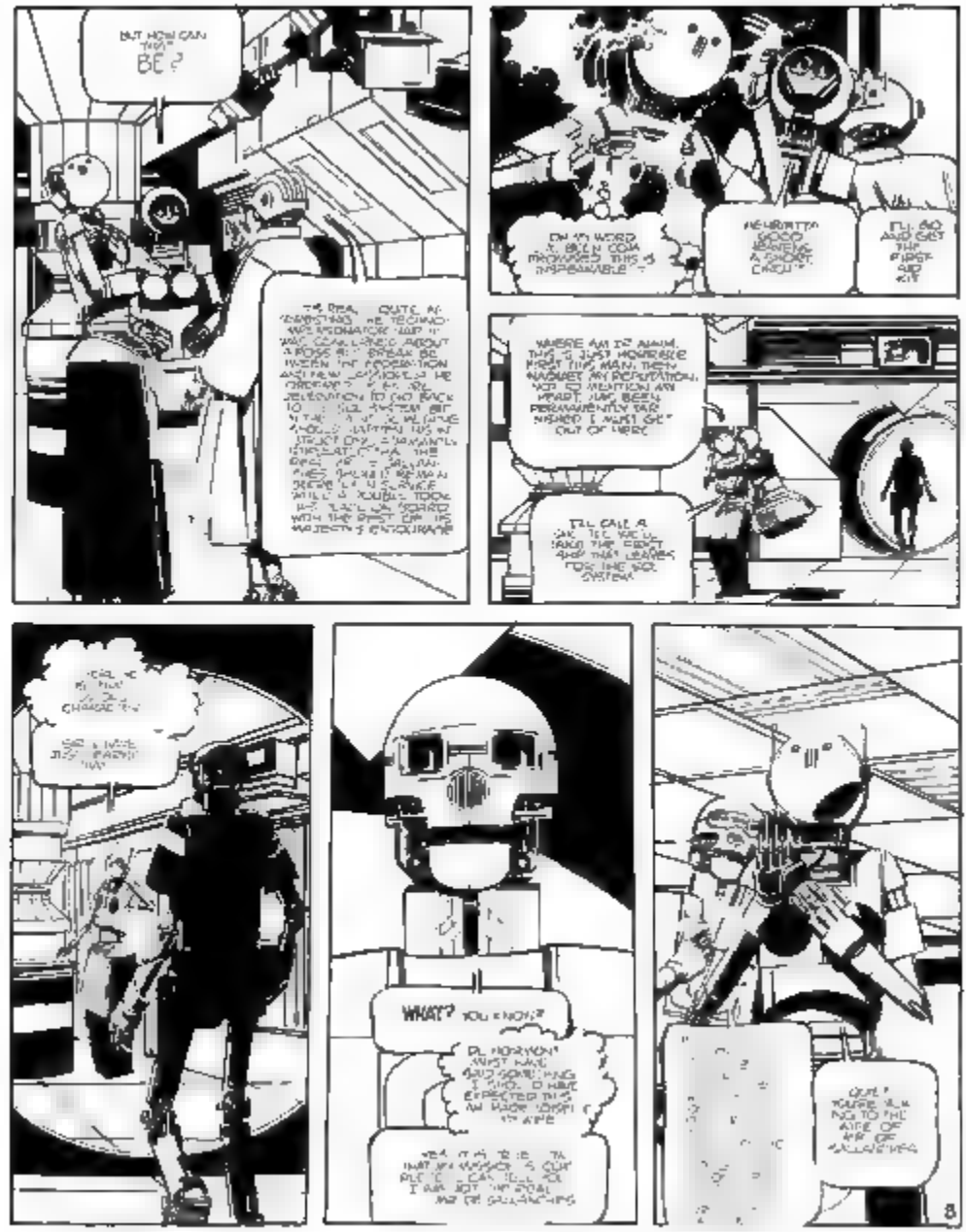

LOOK, DON'T ASK ME ANY MORE QUESTIONS I'VE BEEN YOU MUCH LATELY FOR ME BUT, WELL I'LL THINK ABOUT YOUR OFFER

HENRIETTA JUST RAN INTO YOUR HUSBAND IN MAYBERRY! HE SAID HE WAS ASSUME A BIT WELL!
I'M NOT QUITE SURE HE DOESN'T KNOW WHO I AM. HE IS A LOVE WITH ME SINCE HE WANTS TO PLAY THE PART OF THE SEDUCER. HE CAN COURT ME TIME AND HE WON'T HAVE BEEN ONE AND WE ARE MARRIED
DARLING MAD MOISELLE DE ROCHAT I HAVE A VOCA-DAC MEET FOR

I SHALL WAIT OF YOU AT THE IMPERIAL DIORAMIC ANIMATION CENTER AT 1000 M. RIBOBEATS ARE WILD DON'T MAKE ME ANOUISH IF YOU DON'T COME... WON'T BE SPONSIBLE FOR MY ACTIONS OR MY FUSES"
WHAT AUDACITY! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
HMM! HE'S A BIT OF A RAKE BUT I'LL ACCEPT!
YOU'RE CRAZY
HE IS MY HUSBAND AT TIME ALL SMALL MILE! HI

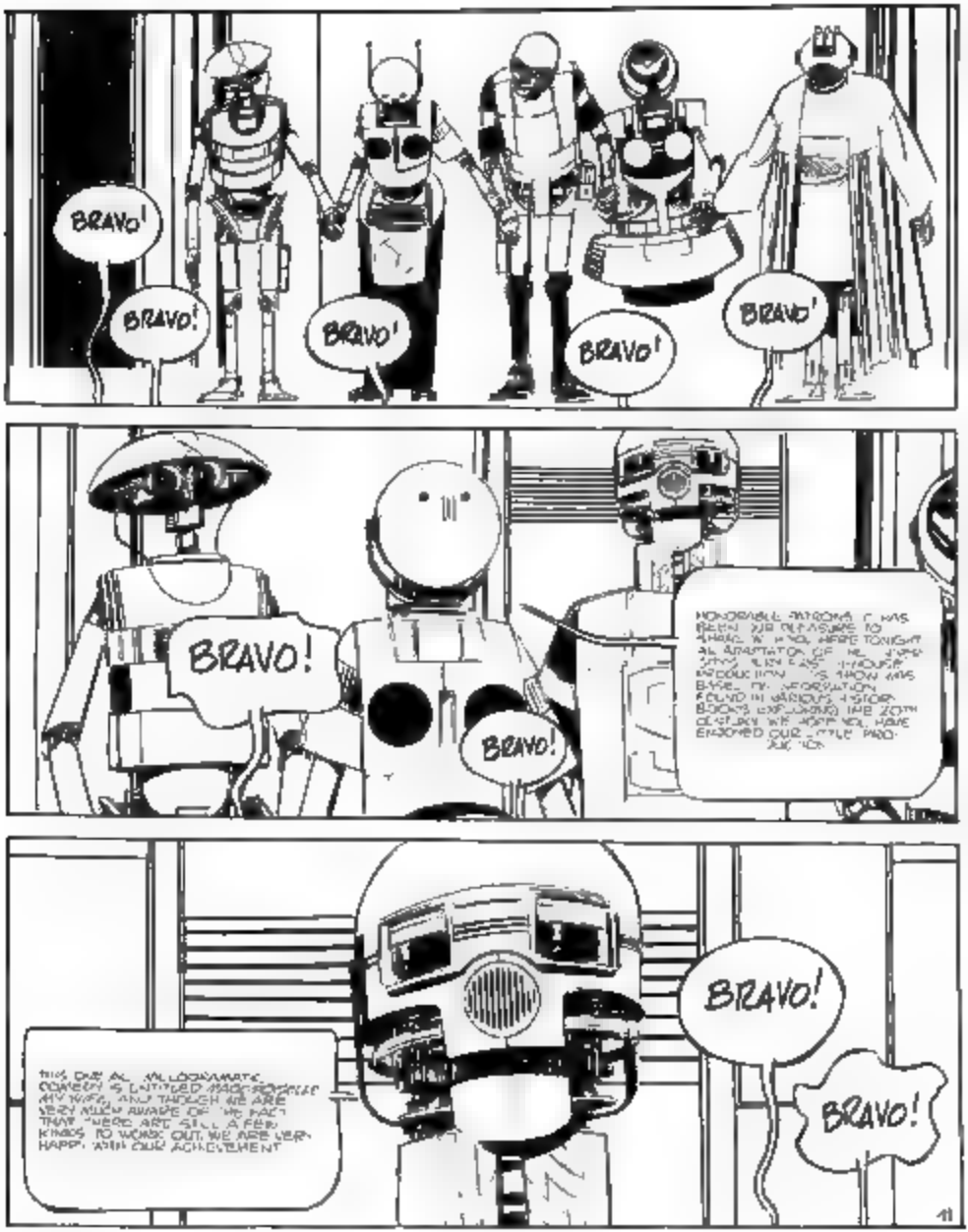

A MESSAGE FROM MY HUSBAND. GIVE ME A MINUTE I'LL DECODE RIGHT NOW




BUT HOW CAN THAT BE?
OH MY WORD. I'VE BEEN COMA PROVOKED THIS IS UNPREDICTABLE
NEVERTHELESS GOOD MORNING A SHORT CHECK
I'LL GO AND GET THE FIRST AID KIT
WHERE AM I? AHHH. THIS IS JUST HORRIBLE FIRST THE MAN, THEN MARKET RESEARCH, NOT TO MENTION MY HEART HAS BEEN PERMANENTLY DAMAGED I MUST GET OUT OF HERE
I'LL CALL A CAB. TELL YOU WHAT I'LL TAKE THE FIRST AND THAT LEAVES FOR THE SECOND SYSTEM
WHAT? YOU KNOW?
8

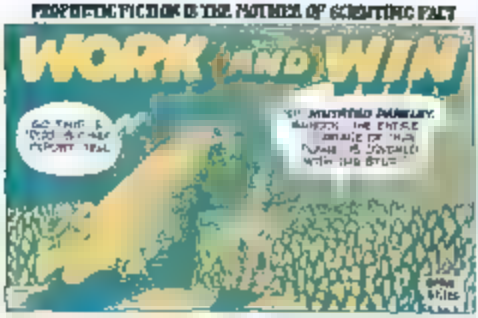
WHAT ERE
YOU, YOU ARE THE WIFE OF ANYONE OF MY BIG FRIENDS OR SOMEBODY'S BIG MACHINE WHAT WE YOU DONE? I HAD A TOTOMATIC REASON OR SOMETHING YOU NUT. I HAD NO REASON AND I THOUGHT YOU TRUSTED ME ABOUT ME
SIR
AND BESIDES THAT, YOU ALSO ENCOURAGED THE GAL. LANTRES OF A LOVER
ENOUGH! I DON'T WANT TO SEE YOU ANYMORE
SHALL CALL YOUR ATTORNEY AND ARRANGE FOR BEFORE, SO LET ME KNOW YOU HAVE YOUR PROPERTY OF YOUR OFFICE
A THAT TROUBLEMAKER AT AGAIN
HE THINK HE'S GOING TO OPERATE MY BAR WITHOUT ME AT
WHAT?
SHOW INSTALL A NEW GEAR FOR MA? CAN
AH!
LEONARD WORKS AT
MY DEAR HENRIETTA
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
9

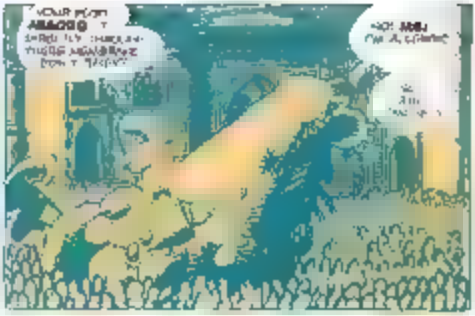
BUT SHE
OR MY WIFE

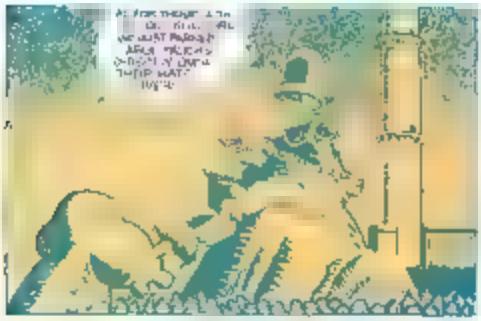

BRAVO!
BRAVO!
BRAVO!
BRAVO!
BRAVO!
BRAVO!
HONORABLE ANDROIDS, IT WAS BEEN MY PLEASURE TO PRESENT TO YOU HERE TONIGHT AN ADAPTATION OF MR. JOHN SMITH'S FIRST IN-HOUSE PRODUCTION. THIS SHOW WAS BASED ON INFORMATION FOUND IN VARIOUS HISTORY BOOKS. UNFORTUNATELY THE 20TH CENTURY WE MUST NOW HAVE ENJOYED OUR LITTLE PRODUCTION
BRAVO!
BRAVO!
THIS ONE AL WILLOUGHBY COMEDY IS ENTITLED MACROBOTICS MY WIFE, AND THOUGH WE ARE VERY MUCH AWARE OF THE FACT THAT WE'RE ART STILL A FEW KINKS TO WORK OUT. WE ARE VERY HAPPY WITH OUR ACHIEVEMENT
41

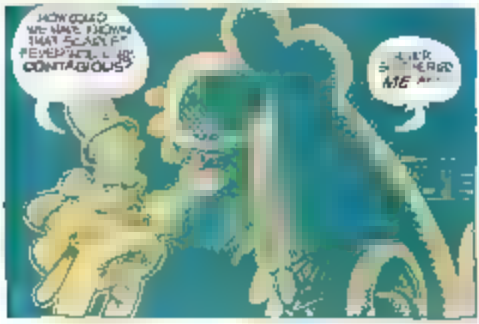
A VERY INTERESTING MORNING, NO?
NOT BAD, BUT WE ARE NOT HERE TO
AN INTERESTING BIT OF HISTORY TOUCH MY SLAVE TO MY MASTER, I'VE DONE THE
IF YOU'RE NOT A TOURIST, WHY ARE YOU HERE?
HOW LUCKY WE WERE TO WITNESS HISTORY IN THE MAKING. THESE YOUNG ACTORS ARE BOUND TO
THOSE ARE NOT
FIN

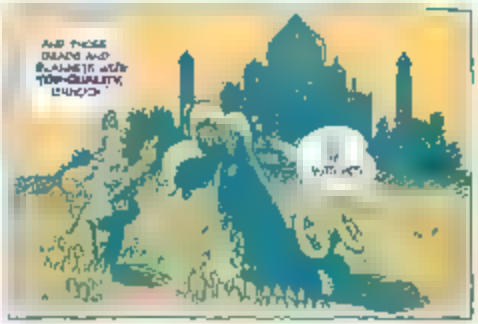
PROPHETIC FICTION IS THE MOTHER OF SCIENTIFIC FACT











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CRACK
CHUMP
AAAAAAUGH!
DOOM II

Lord Zarg and Master Scorn will be very happy to see you've returned
Mada, you will accompany me to Mukaram. The other monkeys can share two horses between them to Zeghin
Sir?
They'll have to wait a while longer to see me. Cut comb Taz and prod can reassure them
It is an order. By your oath of loyalty to my grandfather and to my father you must obey
For you my master Tarn the way to Mukaram continues east another day before turning [illegible] This way leads only [illegible] Mukaram
Sir, wise Eye, will servants refuse to [illegible] me like a child. I know the way to Mukaram

You're way up... It wouldn't hurt any thanks to you... I'm helping you now. I'm going to fly to find the boy. If you're afraid you'll follow

. . . BUT MAKE SURE YOU'RE WEARING THE RIGHT OUTFITS!

Imagine this. You and your mate are sitting around in your torn T-shirts from Camp Sequoia days, watching old "Lost in Space" reruns.

Suddenly, one of you screams, "HEY! WHERE'S THE FUN IN THIS?" So you pull out the ol' EC horrors, jump into your new *Heavy Metal* jackets and/or T's, and you're in seventh heaven.

Heavy Metal is offering, just in time for Christmas, the newest in fantasy wear. This lovely silver, satinlike jacket is equipped with a cotton lining and front pockets, too. Our original *HM* T-shirt is also available.

So order today! Pick up a few for stocking stuffers, too.

Heavy Metal
Dept. HM 3-80
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Name

Address

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The prices below include postage and handling per item.

I'd like sm. med. *Heavy Metal* jackets, lge., at $35.00 each.

And why not *HM* T-shirts, sm. med. lge. / red black, at $8.75 each.

New York State residents, please add applicable sales tax.

MARS ATTACKS!

Death and Bubble Gum from Above

by Lou Stathis

I remember these cards. Images, characters are good that mean all sorts even close old enough to have caught their initial appearance there. And if you do, you sure as hell wouldn't admit it. Lurid packages of Mars Attacks cards have turned up with a saddening, deflating theme: recent as a local candy store counter somewhere near the passing of my first Earth's decade. Seeing them again for the first time in twenty years, I was a bit taken aback by their graphic, brutality and relentless, unrestrained xenophobia. But to a pent-bracked adolescent routinely freaks crammed by gut chewing cinematic reptiles (and buried cinematose by the static tableaux, pablo formalism of baseball cards) these were hot stuff, exciting in me and my sexually twisted cronies a near paranoia, breathless awe.

That same sensitive nerve was touched in artist Rick Lovelace. A third grader when he cards hit the stores, Rick collected a complete set and, unlike the rest of us British nostalgia, hung on to the things long after they were forgotten. Rick cultivated the cards while he was a student at the San Francisco Art Institute in the early seventies, as he was combing his image bank in search of a potent death/destruction symbol. He recalls, "I came to the conclusion that, with the huge Martian head and a just smash the immediately as the perfect icon for fear, terror, and death." Lovelace found that not many kids of his generation remembered the cards while the few who did were blown away to see them again. After some legwork, Rick discovered that the cards had penetrated the cultural psyche nearly as deeply as they had his own head, thanks to a tumultuous response rendition from shareholders, retailers and parents who discovered their little innocents

tackling gleefully over smashed skulls and exterminated enemies.

The terror and violence were actually part of the allure of the attraction in the cards," Lovelace says. "It was more like flamboyant villains and the human thought the Martians were real funny guys. I was totally unaware of the sexual overtones of the violence. The pop-cultural context from which the cards emerged was distasteful of the natural way kids a regard the things. The accessory to the series lies in the tradition of the ultrasleaze

pulp magazines, a form birthed in the nineties with such titles as *Argosy* and *Pearson's* openly exploiting the advent of the 20th century with the 1904 appearance of *Argosy Detective* and a host of similarly sensational literary adventure publications. *Detective Western Western* et cetera. Popular Publications group of *Another Stories*, *Terror Tales* and *Dime Mystery* were wholly mature, adult and downright decadent both in realization of the form when it ran like *Startling Planet Stories* and *Marvel Science Stories* served up a steady wartime diet of warlike clad females alongside bug-eyed monsters. The Silver Banner passed on to the comics after the pulps demise, waving high and free over the new deadly serious comic book Authority of decency in the mid fifties.

Late for our half hour's entertainment became damn dull after that. There we were battle tired on the doorstep of The Twilight Zone, *Attack of the Fifty Foot Woman* and *I Married a Monster from Outer Space* drilled repeatedly in school for the adverse nuclear attack and ever vigilant against the looming threat of communists behind every plot, and we were supposed to get our kicks from the wimpish tales of Superman and Batman. So was Enter *Mars Attacks* cards, series one through to six, circumstances thrusted us into stuff but no more explicitly violent than the eight-passed code allowed in the pages of comic books. All of a sudden, Wham, we could actually get our hands on such titillating savagery as 'Burning Flesh', 'Smashing the Enemy' and 'Destroying a Ship the Fiend!' That was the initial thing dangled like a lure to snare the fickle attention of pocket juvenile TV babies such as myself. That was conflict, graphic and simple, dramatically reduced to one essential image. Fifty five frozen moments of time survival pinned to a frightening, powerful narrative sequence.

The fifty-five pulp-inspired scenes each with a vignette behind it, each with only part of the whole story ever made, rammed to chin-bone bursting to bolster and to better what always emerged from adversity unscathed. Mars only the inevitable gratification of success but with a delivery less subtle than a Norman Bates confession.

The artist hired by the publicity happy trading-card company who published them as Bubbles Inc. produced to avoid any association of their wholesome baseball cards with these satanic atrocities was Norman Saunders, a veteran pulp-art show dealer whose most work had appeared at least as early as the premiere issue of *Marvel Science Stories* in 1938. E. C. Comics great Wally Wood apparently did some preliminary work. Saunders nicked the wrinkle domed aliens from the film *This Island Earth*, modelled the ships after those in Harryhausen's *Earth vs. the Flying Saucers*, and borrowed much of the weapons from George Pal's adaptation of H. G. Wells's *War of the Worlds*.

now, of course. It dated back at least to

the monumentally paranoid *Invaders from*
Planet that makes it such a powerful symbol

sionally using a stencil, but for the most

operations devoted to rescuing great pulp

Project establishing and exploiting

fine-art sensibilities. The prints match

THE BOOK OF MOEBIUS

"Möbius strip /mœ(r)b-ē-əs/ A one-sided surface that can be formed from a rectangular strip by rotating one end 180° and attaching it to the other end."

[illegible] A wondrousness of fantastic images, spectacularly colored and one's reading pleasure.

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Afterwards **Moebius** displays all his fantastic humor in a series of stories where he and his friends are the victims of some real oddballs.

We also witness the beginning of **Wounded Knee** and the rise of the **Grand Hote**l out of the wall of cheese where he hangs out. Are ghosts and aliens involved? Probably.

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Introduced by **Federico Fellini**, the man who inspired **Moebius** to begin his career, it is an adventure before unattempted. An Arrow of Archers.

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[illegible]

IMAGE
OF COURSE IT'S TRUE
YOU EVER SEE ONE?
NO, BUT THERE'S LOTS OF EVIDENCE FOR THE NORTHWESTERN BIGHEAD
IT LEAVES TRACKS
A MAN COULD HAVE DONE THAT

Inter-Videous

Fabric Fantasy

LEFT MY ART IN SAN FRANCISCO

San Francisco rises and falls as America's West Coast equivalent of New York's Greenwich Village. Sure there are lots of such people there on Nob Hill, but whom would you rather think about: Jack Kerouac on the rich and boring? When punk drifted westward, the Weir Quasters injected their own peculiar brand of enthusiasm into it. Down south in L.A. was it was media-fied punk, double-shadow rage on stage, while those northerners took a more serious new wave approach.

And along with all the somber post-revolt sloganeering clubs and privileged bands came a wealth of avant-garde poster art, which graces the pages of *Street Art: The Punk Poster in San Francisco 1977–1982* (The Last Gasp of San Francisco, Berkeley, CA 94703). Though too localized and incomplete, this retrospective fully states the implications of this art. The book effectively arranges enough of the poster art in chronological order (the years and bands) to give force to the visuals presented. Much of the work is compelling and quite worthy but occasionally amateurish. In spite of making some serious comments that "social form" he put will add many a close watch. *Street Art* more than documents, it augments the new wave music scene.

Re/search magazine does more than augment the new wave scene; it serves to study it ideologically. In 66 its predecessor issued *Search And Destroy*. But it does so while setting out seemingly to be America's foremost screaming journal of primitive futurism. By mixing articles on cannibalism with interviews on Sordide Sentimentale (a French experimental music label), Pere Ubu (an Akron music star), and science fiction editor Vale as well as a funnel for the integration of the previous with the futuristic in art forms as 90 years. The mag does more than expose it acts to establish a trend, or at least to follow up on the one defined by industrialists Jon Hassell as Fourth World ideas. Worth looking into: *Re/Search* #8 Rimsky B San Francisco CA 94133.

No one except Lawrence Ferlinghetti—long-standing poet laureate of beat and North Beach—could have assembled and codified a pictorial history of the unwieldy influential literary history of San Francisco. But in *Literary San Francisco* (Harper & Row, Publishers) and Nancy J. Peters as "soulful" organizer it who one feels ought to be proud of the work with the preservation and future of underground literature remains firmly intact, and although Ferlinghetti's hunches new wave's place on it all the historical connections remains.

No thought on the creative issues flowing from San Francisco should go unpunished with out reflecting the underground comix industry, which grows lush such clones and its publishers as the Jay Kinney edited *Anarchy Comics* (Last Gasp). Already out with its third issue, AC studio mixes its mechanic with a serious political message concerned with a sense of humor long missing from both the left and the right sides of the political spectrum. The primary force behind it is Kinney himself responsible for such classics as the collaborate with Paul Mavrides punk spoof "Si Exit: What has made San Francisco the invigorating place to live is the inhabitants ability to feed each, lend a peculiar stamp even down to these sincerely political and serious funnies.

Head Ballou

HOT TIME

Time Bandits is a kids film for adults who have faced the adult world and long to be made children again. The attractive fantasy is about Kevin, an English boy whose unhappy, middle-class, consumer-centered home life is invaded one night by a pack of renegade dwarfs. Using a map "borrowed" from God, they travel through time and plunder the riches of various epochs. Sick of the greedy game show mentality of his parents, Kevin joins the pack and becomes embroiled in adventures involving Napoleon Bonaparte, Robin Hood, the evil M.S. Titanic and Evil (David Warner) itself. While these exploits are unreeled with exhilarating verve by director Terry Gilliam, *Time Bandits* ultimately wanders astray from any guiding philosophy. Though Kevin is dissatisfied unhappy with the real world, his imaginative odyssey with the dwarfs (who steal all but the kitchen sink—and that hasn't been invented yet) in the places they visit is in less materialistic than that world, nor is the open-ended kingdom where he finally finds true happiness as the adopted son of a king. This thematic disunity shows especially brightly in a quirky Sherwood Forest episode as a smuggling key Robin Hood (John Cleese) throws the dwarfs feet with the poor. Awful stuff, he figures. It does seem to make them less unhappy and also, well, less pure! With everyone on the take, *Time Bandits* paints a preposterous portrait of adulthood, offering no solution at its conclusion other than nihility and obliteration.

Time Bandits conspicuously owes much to *The Wizard of Oz* (1939) but fails to duplicate that film's most important signature. Its conclusive reduction to a simple illustrative message. "There's no place like home." Such nonsense would never be tolerated in a 1981 children's film, *Time Bandits* seems to say, but it can't offer us our audience a message even *half* that sophisticated.

Timothy R. Lucas

Oh You Kid!

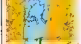
We are in an age where Dick doesn't "see" Jane without discussing it with his analyst first. Spot doesn't "run" after his ball, he jogs.

In this day of large-print editions of Proust and Nietzsche, there is a much needed influx of real honest-to-god fun-for-any books for kiddies. Now more than ever, publishers are hyping the slick, full-color approach to storytelling, which, though expensive, makes it a pleasure to read what otherwise might be trite retellings of [illegible] tales. A coming trend in kids books today boasts a distinct blend of maturity with innocence — nothing too heavy, sometimes a bit naive, but a whole lot of fun. Kit Williams's *Masquerade* (Mayflower Books) and Ralph Steadman and Bernard Stone's *Inspector Mouse* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston) exemplify this balance.

Through jingles, hidden rabbits and fortunes lost, *Masquerade*'s reader becomes engrossed in a brain-racking treasure hunt. Williams has actually hidden a solid gold necklace — a rabbit-shaped pendant in the image of our hero — somewhere in Britain. "Easy," you say, "It's only a kid's book." Forget it. You might not find the treasure at the end of the rainbow, but the book's lyrical text and the splendid Escher-like imagery are worth all the hair pulling.

When the cheese cellar is raided at a neighborhood shop, Inspector Mouse is called in to investigate. Steadman and Stone's tale is a tongue-in-cheek Casablanca-esque detective spoof, right down to the very last "Play it again, Toothy." The lighthearted text and Steadman's maniacal sketchy style make a perfect combination of creativity and just plain fun. And that's A-OK with me.

[illegible]



Publishing Peril

In this era it is possible for an unknown science-fiction writer to be hyped into instant superstardom with an early novel as long as it is a stirring [illegible], [illegible] the dragon-ridden starways and [illegible] down the demographic [illegible] of the audience, which has [illegible] [illegible] Star Wars. It is paradoxically much easier [illegible] for him a [illegible] [illegible] of genuine literary promise to be published without a [illegible].

There are three of them. *The Man in the Darkness* by [illegible] (Pocket Books) is a [illegible] thriller, [illegible] Robert Sheckley [illegible] under the influence of Philip K. Dick — in other words, written with irony, wit and some psychic depth and by a fractured [illegible] [illegible] well in command of what he is doing.

Norman Spinrad's *[illegible]* Timescape may [illegible] be quite as polished, but it is [illegible] in a positive sense. An end-of-the-world [illegible] concept, the book is adorned and enriched by Spinrad's cross-cultural connections and inhabited by a cast of admirable [illegible] characters.

Twinger by Paul H. [illegible] is perhaps the [illegible] work of the three: a [illegible] and psychological novel [illegible] partly in high [illegible] [illegible] with [illegible] and psychological depth captures the political [illegible] with a sense [illegible] reality and illuminates the whole with a certain sense of suspense.

In other words, here are three first novels of maturity, originality, sophistication and some [illegible] ambition. Each to be enjoyed by intelligent adult science-fiction readers, [illegible] [illegible] in relative obscurity while [illegible] written science-fiction novels and fantasies endlessly cloned from each other can put new writers' names up in lights.

Could it be that publishers no longer believe that science-fiction novels written to please intelligent adults have as large an audience as [illegible] designed [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the same audience [illegible] [illegible] a superstar, would it be that by believing this they have made it so? Or could it just be that they are right?

Norman Spinrad

[illegible]

The [illegible] of New York [illegible] beneath you. With one [illegible] of your hand, you topple the [illegible] Building. You [illegible] to the top of the Empire State Building and [illegible] [illegible] powerful grip. With [illegible] [illegible] the Brooklyn Bridge in ruins. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] to be the Amazing [illegible] [illegible] the Fifty Foot Woman [illegible] [illegible] opportunity [illegible] with [illegible] [illegible]. The Gotham skyline is provided by graphic designer Alan Rose. *The World's Tallest [illegible]*, a series of paper reproductions [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the collection, explaining the landmark's history and significant features.

Although [illegible] [illegible] each of the authentically detailed and fully colored models [illegible] [illegible] in place the [illegible] of the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Tower, thus [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] planning [illegible] [illegible] the Eiffel Tower [illegible] the same [illegible] with [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] apartment [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

Feeling [illegible] by [illegible] [illegible] Rose's reproductions grab the chance to [illegible] [illegible].

[illegible]

A few words from the media about HEAVY METAL

For billions--maybe billions--of years we must have drifted through space, sealed inside the Space Shuttle...
--the phosphorlipids surrounding our synaptic ends have deteriorated, our epidermal cell walls have ruptured...

I drifted in the dreamstate into a shiny shell of domestic routine—
Brian Donald, Miss Sabrina Rice, Debbie Jones—
Something like this

I will return into a world blazing with pain.
Marty, Adeline. Where are we?

We walked through the door into paradise.

The lenses of our eyes seemed to be smeared with Vaseline,

turning the sunlight into a fractured radiant glow, the trees and the buildings into gentle abstractions.

I could smell gardenia and the breath of the sea; I could hear the calls of jungle birds, as the Dallas Cheerleaders emerged from the pool...

For a moment, we stood still--then a tiny figure in a white tropical suit trotted toward us.

Jesus, we are dead--we're in heaven!

Bauth! Bauth! De pipple from de plane, Bauth!

Welcome, my friends... I trust you slept well?

To Be Continued

the bus

PAUL KIRCHNER©

What to expect in February...

If you happened upon *Heavy Metal*'s book of **Moebius**, you must have read his epic collaboration with film director **Jodorowsky** entitled "The Black Incal." You also might have noticed that the story didn't end exactly the way you might have liked. Beginning in February, *HM* will run the sequel to this comedic detective chase starring none other than that master of intrigue Mr. John Difool and his goofy feathered sidekick Deepo. You ain't seen nothing' yet!

Plus: **Fernando Fernandez**'s sensual strip "Zora," **Howard Chaykin**'s "Gideon Faust," and the continuations of **Segrelles**'s "The Mercenary" and **José Ortiz Pozal**'s "Tales of the Galactic Inn."

Unbridled passion.
Unrequited rock & roll.

Meat Loaf. "Dead Ringer." The new album featuring "I'm Gonna Love Her For Both Of Us" and "Read 'Em And Weep." On Epic • Cleveland International™ Records.

Take The Music Where You're Playing. On Epic • Cleveland International™ Tapes.

Produced by Meat Loaf and Stephen Galfas.

Epic Cleveland International™

The future is now—and in this very issue, featuring a pullout section on what to expect in the years to come!